THE MILLER OF EAMONT BRIDGE:

A WESTMORELAND TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"DINNA SAY I HEV NAE WARNED YE."

We left Grandy Gandy, in our last chapter, standing at the door of the Cliftons' house at Shap, at nine o'clock. At the same hour Mrs. Gurnett was seated in the chamber called the house-place, with Bump Willis.

The snow was still falling at Eamont Bridge, and the dark foliage of the firs in the desolate-looking garden by the river side, was white with its flakes. The little wicket-door leading from this cheerless plot of ground had been left open by some one, and it flapped to and fro with every gust of wind.

The house itself, under its screen of ivy, formed a dark patch amidst the waste of snow spreading away all around, for there were few lights to be seen in the casements. Mrs. Gurnett had as yet made no change in her style of living; but rumour whispered that as soon as the wealthy widow should become possessed of the old mansion of the Cheneys, so soon would there be a vast alteration in her mode of life, and that where two domestics were kept now, half-a-dozen would not satisfy her then.

Now, on this particular evening, Mrs. Gurnett had but one handmaid to obey her behests, and that one was old Judith. Ann Settle had not been well, and had wished for a holiday; but certainly she was taken somewhat by surprise, and could scarce understand what could have prompted such an unusual fit of good nature in her mistress, as to induce the latter to dispense with her service for three whole days. However, this had been the case, and Ann Settle had gone, early in the morning, to Shap.

A broad stream of light fell from the casement window of the room in which Mrs. Gurnett was seated, on to the pile of snow which had drifted against the wall of the house. Without, all was

cold and desolate: within, there was light, and warmth, and comfort. Huge logs were piled up in the yawning stove, and Willis, seated in a high-backed cane chair, extended his legs, cased in well-darned blue worsted hose and rusty black knee-breeches, in front of the fire, and basked in the ruddy flames and thought how well he would like to sit in that warm corner, not as a guest, but as the master of the house. As he thought, he stole a glance at the widow, who sat sipping out of a rare old china cup, gunpowder tea at 17s. a pound, for nothing less than the best would suit that old lady's palate now.

She looked very handsome and very fascinating, and Willis sighed and ogled and tried to make himself agreeable. Sometimes he felt hopeful, and then again fell into the depths of despair.

To own the truth, he found this love-making desperate hard work. Mrs. Gurnett had something of the tigress in her nature: she would paw one moment and claw the next. The talons were sheathed with velvet, but lay in ambush, ready to start out on the slightest occasion.

However, Willis had more moments of blissful hope than he had of despair. Why, he would ask himself, does she invite me here so constantly, and place the best of everything the house contains on the board before me, when she is so close and stingy to everyone else? It must be love, and love only, that makes her act so.

Never was a man more egregiously deceived. Cunning as he thought himself, Mistress Gurnett was more than a match for him; and later on, when he discovered his error, he smarted more under the sense of having been outwitted in trickery, than at the loss of the widow and her fortune.

Mercenary to the last degree, Mrs. Gurnett was always plotting and planning, how she could save her pocket, and enrich herself at other people's expense. There was some little amount of law business to be done after the miller's death, and as Willis had been so much employed by her late husband, the widow resolved to employ him also; but there was now to be this difference, the miller had paid for all the legal work done for him – his widow had no intention of paying at all. So she invited Willis to her house as a friend, and gave him to understand that the reward for his professional services, was to be her friendship; he accepted with rapture the offer, and became her bounden slave, whilst she threw out the line, and placed the golden bait before his eyes,—alas! never to be his.

Eager to please her in every way, Willis, seeing her dislike and hatred to poor Mary, and her very palpable wish to get rid of her by placing her in a lunatic asylum, seconded the project by every

means in his power. Here, too, he made a fatal mistake; Mrs. Gurnett did wish to rid herself of Mary by sending her to a mad-house; but like the imperious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, who signed the death-warrant of ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, and then would shift all the odium of the murder on Secretary Davison; so Mrs. Gurnett made Willis her stalking-horse, and afterwards laid the whole blame of the sad tragedy that followed on his shoulders.

"It's a heavy charge for a lone widow woman like myself," sighed the widow, "to hev the custody o' that poor demented wench; it's more than I can bear, sometimes, and it's just wearing me to skin and bone.—Well, what's to do, Judith?" she added, as that withered, cross-grained old dame entered the room, and stood twitching her checked apron in her brown fingers, and looking alternately at her mistress and Willis.

She was a cross old woman, we must confess, and she was very ignorant and stupid, understanding more, probably, about the cows she milked so assiduously, than she did of human nature, or, at least, of the more sensitive and tender feelings of the human mind. She was not gentle, or kind, or loving; but she was not, on the other hand, vicious and cruel, and no particle of the vile passions that actuated Mrs. Gurnett and Willis existed in the heart of this poor woman, with her rugged face and her sullen look.

"I'se just come to say a word about yon wench o' yourn, misses."

"She's no wench o' mine," said Mrs. Gurnett, sharply.

"Weel, wench o' thine or no, mistress, I wad warn ye to look mair after her. She's been none so well in mind or body these last few days. I've got it o' my mind that if she's not weel watched, she'll do hersel' a mischief."

"She's mair like to do me a mischief," replied Mrs. Gurnett, t rtly; "and she has done me enow already. I canna sleep o' neets, and I canna enjoy my victuals, wi' thinkin' o' her and her tantrums, and wonderin' what devilries she'll be at next."

"Weel, missus, I reckon she'll not trouble any one much longer i' this world; she's worsened ever sin' her faither deed, and she's verra ill th' neet. Ye suld hev some one to watch her."

"What do you sleep with her for?" asked Mrs. Gurnett, darting a furious look at the old woman.

"Because ye tauld me to," replied the latter, doggedly; "but its sma' use putting an auld woman like me to watch her in ony sort o' fashion. I'se deaf, and I sleep heavy after my day's wark."

"Get thee gone to bed, and dinna prate any longer. I know

one thing, I shall hev to put the wench i' a mad-house if thi' goes on."

"Weel, missus, ye ken your ain affairs best, an' I winna meddle; but dinna say I hev nae warned ye. As for putting the poor lassie in a mad-house, I dinna think there is ony need o' that. Howsomever, I've said my say, an' I've nowt mair to do wi't; I'se wash my hands o't aw."

And so the old woman did; and when afterwards her mistress tried to wash her hands also, and put all the mire on the lawyer, Judith was the great stumbling-block in the way of Mrs. Gurnett's accomplishing her feat.

"I marvel, ma'am, how you can put up wi' the insolence o' that auld hussey," exclaimed Willis, when Judith had quitted the room.

"I've a many things to put up wi', Mr. Willis, for I've nae friends. If I knew any person who deserved the name, they would hev helped me long sin' to rid my house o' that mad wench."

"Good lack, madam," replied the lawyer, trying to assume a sentimental air, which ill became him, and laying his hand on his heart, "you have a friend; but, alas! you seem to know him not, one who would die for you—and—and suffer the torture of the rack," be added, floundering dreadfully in this, to him, new style of speech.

"Dinna make a fule o' yoursel'," answered Mrs. Gurnett with a tigerish look, which quite daunted the lawyer; "there are nae racks now-a-days, ye ken that weel, an', as for dyin', I want no one to die for me; but I wad ca' that person my friend, and be vastly obliged to him, who wad get that mad wench off my hands, and settled quiet and safe for good and aw' in a mad-house, which is the only place that's fit for her?"

"Weel, ma'am, you know full well I am ready to arrange that matter for you. Only make up your mind. I know a private mad-house some way from here, where Mary might be stowed away, and none be any the wiser. I could come to-morrow evening after dark, and we would soon have her off. I would bring those with me that would know how to quiet her, if she got into one of her devil's moods. Pr'ythee, what was that?" he added suddenly, looking startled. "Did you not hear a noise at yon door?"

And he pointed to a door at the other end of the room, which Judith, when she went out, had left a little ajar.

"I hurd nae noise. One wad think ye had been plotting a murder to look at your white, scared face; 'twas nowt but th' wind soughing round the house, and the ivy-leaves, happen, flapping against the window.

But Willis had spoken truly; there had been a noise outside that door, and there was a ghastly face glued against one of the little greenish panes of glass at the top of the door, and a cold, icy hand clutching the handle. The moaning sound was not the wind, but a smothered wail of mortal anguish.

Poor Mary, with fatal cunning, had feigned sleep when Judith came to bed, and so soon as the old woman lay snoring by her side, which was the case in a few minutes, she got up, and stole away to hearken whether her stepmother and the lawyer were talking about herself; for though her mind was a blank in many respects, the idea that Mrs. Gurnett would put her in a mad-hous was very tangible and ever present.

"I wad make it weel worth the while o' any one to take car o' the wench," said Mrs. Gurnett, after a pause. "Her poor fathe left her a yearly sum, quite enow to maintain her. I suppose she wad be weel treated?"

The last few words were uttered carelessly, and provoked an ironical smile from the lawyer.

"Oyh, as weel as they treat mad folks. They are kind enow to them while they are peaceable, but when they go into their tantrums and rave, why, they maun clap them on a straight-jacket, and chain them down on the straw. And sma' wonder, they are like nowt but wild beasts, and why serve them better? However, I suppose if you get rid of Mary, you'll not inquire too closely into the ins-and-outs of things?"

"As far as regards the wench hersel', no," answered Mrs. Gurnett, who had listened with horrible indifference to the lawyer's speech; "but them Cliftons, and that wretch of a parson Lawson, are always on the look-out; so mind, Mr. Willis, ye maun be careful, and ye maun manage aw the matter yoursel'. I'se gie ye a written warranty to clap her i' the mad-house, but I wad rather it should seem I were driven to the step without liking it; so I'll just slip off somewheres to-morrow, and then you can come and carry her off unbeknownst, like, to me; and ye mun show no surprise when I seem fashed and sorry that ye suld hae acted on my orders. You'll know it's only make-believe. It wad seem worse to folk for me to clap her up than for you to d'ot; and then you could say you had dune it fro' pure compassion for me, because aw the worry was bringin' me to my grave; and mind, if ye oblige me in this matter, Willis, you shall fix your ain reward."

In spite of all Mrs. Gurnett's logic, and the strong hopes engendered by her last remarks, Willis felt considerable inward disgust and indignation. He had the unpleasant conviction that Mrs. Gurnett was making of him what is vulgarly called "a cat's-paw." Still, to be the husband of that buxom dame and the master of her

fortune—for master he promised himself he would be, when once they were wed—were advantages not to be lightly renounced; so he smothered his anger as best he could, and said—

"Well, I think we will fix for to-morrow night. I shall have time to arrange all 'twixt this and then; but I do not see any reason why you suld leave home."

"I dunnot care what ye see," answered the virago. "I'se hev it aw done as I hev said, or not at all; and if ye canna oblige me, I'll find plenty that well."

"You expect me to do a great deal for you, Mistress Gurnett," said Willis, trying to pluck up courage, in the hope of drawing a tangible promise from her, "and you will do little or nowt for me: at least, do me one favour and tell me——"

The widow suddenly interrupted Willis, by saying in a tart voice,

"There's two bad paymasters—them as pays beforehand, and them as never pay at aw. I dinna mean to be among the latter, nor the former aither, so ye mun just take my word, and I'll reward you in a way you'll like. Dinna ask any mair questions, and get ye gone, for it grows late."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I COME, MOTHER; I COME."

Old Judith was a heavy sleeper, but she chanced to wake that night, and putting out her arm to feel for Mary, she missed her from her side, and at once sprang from her bed, and lighting a candle, hastily made her way downstairs.

A cold gust of icy wind blew upon her, as she reached a passage, from which a door led into the back garden; the door was open, and Mary was just flying out when Judith caught her.

"Eyh, Judith, dunno stop me; mother's been calling me aw the neet."

The face which the poor girl turned upon the old woman was so wan and ghastly, so pitiful in its expression of deep and mortal anguish, that tears fell from the eyes of the usually stolid and peevish old servant.

"Nay, deary," she said, with something of fondness in her tone, "we mun go back to our room; 'tis but a dream thou hast had."

"Weel, Judith, I'll come to bed; but," she added, nodding her head, "I'll shew them aw, some day, what I'll do."

When they had reached their little sleeping apartment, Judith found it, for the present at any rate, an useless task to try and

induce Mary to come to bed: so she wrapt herself up in her old cloak of grey cloth, and sat down to watch her.

Ignorant as she was, Judith had not failed to notice the change in Mary since her father's death. From being naturally cheerful, she had become, during the last few weeks, gloomy and desponding. Her temper and disposition appeared altered in a remarkable degree. She was extremely irritable, and was frequently heard talking to herself, and, when questioned, she would give no cause for her unusual melancholy. Sometimes, in her soliloquies, when she thought herself quite alone, she would mutter words that shewed the dreadful purpose her poor distraught mind was bent on; and hence Judith's warning to Mrs. Gurnett.

Constant brooding over depressing ideas had given them such a hold upon her mind as to completely disturb its balance. Then, as Mr. Cheney had truly said, she was so friendless, Ann Settle and Judith the only beings in the house who felt pity or love for her, and the old servant was, of course, singularly unfit to be trusted with such a charge.

"Let us put out th' candle, Judith," said Mary as she drew back the window curtains; "the snow has stopped falling, and the moon is shining so bright—eyh, but its a braw neet, and every time the wind blows I hear my mother's voice."

"Never mind, Mary; dunnot stop to luik at th' moon—'tis bitter cauld—come to bed."

"Nay! I've got lots o' wark to do. I mun luik at my clothes, and see what I'll wear at Helen Cheney's wedding."

Poor Mary seemed to have resumed some of her former cheerfulness; and as Judith sat nodding in her chair, watching her through her half-closed eyes, so heavy with sleep, she saw her trying on first one article of dress and then another; now she would be flitting about in the white moonbeams, in the faded finery she had purloined from her stepmother's wardrobe, and then, again, in the coarse russet gown of the old woman herself.

Once during those long hours, Judith was roused up by seeing poor Mary pacing wildly up and down the room, wringing her hands, weeping and sobbing, and exclaiming at intervals, "Oh dunnot tak me theer—let me die first." Then she clutched the old servant by the arm: "Save me, Judith! save me!"

"What frightens ye, deary?"

"Luik in yon corner, Judith."

"Weel, I see nowt, Mary."

"He is geane now then; but I saw Bump Willis theer a minu t sin', Judith; and he had gotten chains i' his hands to put on me; and I thought he had come to tak me to the madhouse."

"I wad nae let him," said Judith, soothingly; "but come to bed, poor lass! thou't as cauld as a corpse."

"I dunnot feel cauld, Judith—my head is as hot as if there were a fire burning i' my brain; but I will get into bed wi' thee, poor Judith, thou art verra cold, and thy teeth chatter. We'll cover ourselves up, and hev a gude neet's rest yet."

The two then got into bed, Judith with no intention of sleeping, and for a good while she kept to her resolution, and had Mary continued talking, she would doubtless still have done so; but the poor girl lay quite quiet, and appeared to have fallen asleep. Probably, to judge from what happened later, her sleep was only feigned, in order to compass her fatal resolution.

Gradually, Judith felt her eyes closing, the objects in the room became indistinct, and she would be dreaming one minute, though she would start up the next, and try with a great effort to rouse herself. The moonbeams had paled and died out, and yet there was a faint light stealing into the room, which Judith knew was the dawn;—time, and more than time that she should be stirring, though, in truth, Mrs. Gurnett did not encourage such early hours in the winter, as she loved to save candles and fuel.

Fairly worn out with her long watch, Judith fell asleep again, but her sleep was disturbed by dreams, realities as she subsequently thought. For it was indeed no dream, when she fancied she felt Mary leave her side; and no dream when, mingled with the hollow moaning of the wind, she, fancied she heard the pitiful cry, "I come, mother; I come."

On the opposite side of the river to the mill, two men were making their way just as day dawned, to the village, and looking towards the mill and the dreary garden, where the fir-trees stood like giant spectres robed in snow-flakes, they fancied they saw, in the dim twilight, a figure, clad in white, rush from the wicket-gate in the wall, and disappear amongst the brushwood growing low down to the water's edge: whilst, borne on the wind across the still silent, flowing river, they thought they heard the words, "I come, mother; I come."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE BANKS OF THE EAMONT.

"PR'YTHEE, Judith, art geane to stop i' thy bed aw the day? Get up wi' thee, and tell me wheer Mary is."

Roused suddenly from her heavy sleep, by the harsh, loud voice of her mistress, who was shaking her violently at the same time by the shoulder, the old woman sat up in bed, half bewildered, and scarce knowing, for the moment, where she was;

then she became aware that broad daylight was streaming into the room, and as her eyes fell upon the vacant place by her side, her thoughts reverted to Mary.

"Why suld you ask me about the poor lass?" said Judith, in a dogged tone.

"And who else suld I ask? ye auld fule," exclaimed Mrs. Gurnett, furiously.

"Ask yoursel', that could nae talk o' anything but sendin' the girl to a mad-house. Ask Bump Willis, wha was o' th' same mind, and wad do your biddin, whate'er it was."

"Why, what dost mean, Jezabel?" cried Mrs. Gurnett, almost beside herself with rage.

"I just mean," said the old woman, in a quiet, but very obstinate tone, as she got out of bed, "that ye hev gotten her carried off whiles I slept, and now ye wad ca' me to account for her."

"Thou drivelling old wretch," shrieked the infuriated widow, "I'll shake the life out o' thee, if thou goest on maundering i' this fashion!"

And Mrs. Gurnett advanced towards Judith, as though with the intention of doing to her what she had threatened.

"Haud thy hands off, or maybe thou wilt get mair than thee likes," exclaimed the stout old woman, as she clenched her horny fist in a manner that made Mrs. Gurnett renounce her belligerent intentions.

"Thou art the most obstinate auld body I ever knew," she began, in a softer tone. "I tell thee I know nowt o' Mary; there's been none in the house th' neet save ourselves; 'twas late when I woke, and hearing no sound below stairs, I came here to see what thou wert doing, and missed Mary fro' your side."

Judith made no further answer just then, but commenced putting on her clothes more quickly, for the thought had just passed through her mind, how she had herself caught Mary trying to escape out of the house in the early part of the night. Might she not have made the attempt again so soon as she saw her companion fast asleep, and have really fled away?

"Hev ye luiked owr the house?" asked Judith.

"No, I've dune nowt; I came straight to your room."

"Weel, we maun search the house, and th' men i' th' mill might luik about out o' doors—they wad soon track her footfalls i' th' snaw."

"Nae, they wad na'; the snaw's falling again thick."

Judith hurried to fetch some of the men from the mill, and the search soon began within and without. In a short time the old dwelling-house had been explored from garret to basement.

Dark old cupboards were looked into, chests even were opened, and dusty draperies drawn back and shaken, lest she should be lurking behind them, in some sudden fit of insanity, but all in vain. In the house Mary was not, and so the search out of doors was pursued with greater vigour.

Poor old Judith had never shown more emotion; there seemed opened up in her heart some hitherto hidden spring of gentleness and tender feeling.

"The poor lass! the poor neglected creature!" she said, as she made her way through the thickly falling snow-flakes, the tears running down her rugged cheeks. "Lack-a-day! if I had but kept waking; but, Lord, help us," she added, turning round almost savagely upon Mrs. Gurnett, who was following her, "'twas aw your fault—didna' I warn ye?"

Mrs. Gurnett made no reply; she had wished, from the bottom of her heart, to be rid of Mary, but not in this way; and she shivered with fear and rage, as she saw Judith and the men peering about, now disturbing huge drifts of snow, which the wind had piled up in hollows and other places, lest Mary should have found her grave beneath their white depths, and then scrutinising every inch of ground about the mill, whilst they whispered to each other, under their breath, vague surmises as to whether the dark waters of the mill-dam, or the gloomy recess shrouding the huge wheel, might not give up the dead.

But still their search was without avail. Two or three men then started off to the village, lest Mary should have fled in that direction; and there they found a rumour current, spread by the two men who had passed the mill that morning on the opposite bank of the river, that a ghost had been seen to issue from the garden, at the rear of Mrs. Gurnett's abode, and then disappear amongst the bushes by the river-side. So soon as those who had come to Eamont in search of Mary heard this tale, they turned back, thinking they had found a clue. But before they reached the mill again the poor fugitive had been found.

Judith had, a second time, wandered into the garden at the back of the house; for though the door she caught Mary at, on the preceding night, had been found bolted, just as she herself had left it, and the front door on the latch, which seemed to denote that Mary had taken her second flight from thence, yet Judith could not dispossess her mind of the idea that Mary had, after all, made her way to the spot where she had originally intended to go.

Then she made a discovery: the wicket-gate, though closed, was not bolted, so Mary might have fled that way.

Not long had they to look now, and the old woman's sad cries soon brought all to the spot, Mrs. Gurnett amongst the number.

There knelt Judith in the snow, beside the lifeless corpse of poor, ill-fated Mary. She was lying on the river-bank, on the spot where she had often sat, as a child, at her mother's side, the clear blue waters rippling over their pebbly bed at her feet, and the graceful branches of the willow drooping over her head.

The water was so shallow that her face only was covered by it, while the back of her head was dry, showing how determined she had been to put an end to her sad life.

Her long dark hair was wreathed with snow-flakes, which also formed a shroud of purest white about her lifeless corpse.

"Here's a braw piece o' wark," said old Judith, looking unflinchingly at her mistress; "'tis aw your fault and the lawyer's. Weel, thank the Lord, I can wash my hands o't."

"Hark to the audacious auld jade!" cried Mrs. Gurnett, shaking her fist at Judith, in her rage. "Would'st say, hussey, that I had aught to do wi' th' girl's death? She has taken away her life hersel', nowt could be plainer than that; and I can wash my hands o't as weel as you, ye pestiferous creature!"

"Weel, weel," said Judith, rising from her knees, and looking doggedly at Mrs. Gurnett, "thou mayst wash thy hands an' thou wilt, but thou canna wash thy soul."

CHAPTER XXV.

HELP WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

WHILST Judith and the men were pursuing their melancholy search for poor Mary, a gig drove slowly along the high road from Shap to Penrith. In it were seated John Clifton and Grandy Gandy, the latter so completely enveloped in the voluminous folds of a large plaid, in addition to other wraps, that scarce anything could be seen of her.

Their progress was but slow, for the snow lay pretty deep on the ground, and, from the dense yellow clouds overhead, more snow had begun to fall thickly. Once or twice, John had had to descend from the gig, and lead the horse for some yards, whilst he encouraged and urged him on in his hearty, cheery voice. The wind was bitter cold, as it swept in wild gusts over the open country, and dashed the snow-flakes in the faces of the travellers; but John was bound on an errand of friendship and charity, and his good, honest heart was too bent upon thinking how he might aid Ralph Cheney, to allow him to take much heed of the weather, unpleasant as it was.

The Clifton family had all assembled down stairs again, after Grandy's arrival on the preceding night. They had made up the fire afresh, and had placed the poor half-frozen old dame in the chimney corner, and there they had sat, far into the night, over the blazing logs, talking over ways and means, and deliberating how they could best serve the scholar. At last it was decided that John should start to Penrith in the morning, taking Grandy with him, and dropping her at her master's house on the way. Then he was to go on to Mr. Collins, the gentleman who had transacted legal business for the late Mr. Clifton, and consult with him as to what they should do, John not having, at immediate command, more than half the money required.

At length, after having been nearly three hours on the road, the gig drew up before Mr. Cheney's gates, and John bade Grandy tell Helen that she would see him in the afternoon, and that she need have no fears, as he would put all straight about the mortgage. Then John drove on to the town.

Market Square and the Corn Market, through which he passed, were very empty and deserted, and so was Castle Gate, the narrow old street leading up by a steep ascent to the Castle.

In one of its tall red stone houses Mr. Collins had his offices, as we have before stated, and hither John betook himself, so soon as he had put up his horse and gig at an inn.

The lawyer was engaged, however, for a short time; so, as the snow had ceased falling, John walked up the ascent, and making his way round the Castle, paused for a few minutes, under the brow of the hill on which the fortress was built, with some old remains of a boyish feeling stirring in his heart, to watch a party of lads playing at snowball—a rather more harmless warfare than those walls had witnessed in by-gone ages. Some of the boys had hidden behind the huge blocks of red stone, the last fragments of the thick and massive walls, and from out the loop-holes, whence in past ages, many a flash of fire from death-dealing guns had gone forth, fell a shower of snowballs upon the shoulders and heads of those of their companions who occupied the hollow surrounding the Castle—the moat of former times, whose shelving sides, grass-grown and now covered with snow, with here and there a block or fragment of stone detached from the walls, standing out, bare and rugged from the drifts which had collected at its base. The dark red remains of the old ruin stood out in grand relief against the yellow murky sky and the waste of snow beneath, and the outlines of the shattered archways and loop-holes, and the rents and fissures in the crumbling stonework, contrasted strongly with the pure, unsullied white of the snow.

John had been such an inattentive scholar in his youthful

days that it may be questioned whether he knew much of the former history of Penrith Castle; but he did know that the last Plantagenet king, Richard III., had sojourned within its walls, though we are bound to add that this piece of information had been gleaned after his school-days were over, when, in fact, he had two or three times visited the ruins while staying, as a youth, at Yack Gurnett's house. As he now stood beneath the Castle Hill, memory carried him back to a bright, hot summer's day in June, when he and Richard and poor Mary had played in the grassy hollow of the moat, starred with daisies and radiant with buttercups, whilst the sweet, gentle face of the miller's first wife watched them from under the shadow of an old apple-tree; and then Mrs. Gurnett told them about Richard III., and of the knights and men-at-arms who had once thronged the castle walls, and of the tower and ramparts, and moat and drawbridge; and John then proposed they should play at kings and queens, and Dick should be Crookback and Mary his wife, and poor Mary cried and said No, she would not marry any one called Crookback, and that when she got big she would marry John.

John woke up from his reverie, and turned his back on the castle with a heavy feeling at heart, though he knew nothing then of the cold form, stiff and stark, found that morning on the banks of the Eamont, the lifeless body of her whose childish words seemed yet ringing in his ears.

When John again presented himself at the office in Castle Gate, he found Mr. Collins disengaged, and in few, but clear words—for John was not prolix—he stated the matter upon which he had come. He explained the long and close intimacy which had existed between his family and the Cheneys, touched upon the engagement between his brother and Helen, and then entered upon the mortgage question. Of Yack Gurnett he said but little, the man was dead, and let his faults lie buried with him, such was John's reasoning; but he did not deal so tenderly with the widow and Willis, he expatiated in strong terms upon the hatred and malevolence they both evinced, and which he knew would make them rejoice at being able to foreclose the mortgage, the following day being the last Mr. Cheney could pay it off; then he added, in conclusion:

"You see, sir, I have only about half the money in my bank here at Penrith. I have just laid out a large amount in stock and on farming operations, else I would have paid down the whole sum at once. I came to consult you, thinking you might suggest some means to save Mr. Cheney from the grip of that knave Willis, and the talons of that she-cat, Widow Gurnett."

"Libellous words, my dear sir," replied the lawyer smiling;

then he added, in a graver tone, and looking earnestly at John, "Have you not heard the melancholy news? Mr. Cheney will not stand in need of any assistance from his friends."

"How! what!" gasped John; "sure he cannot be dead?"

"Ralph Cheney dead? oh no. But I see, Mr. Clifton, you are not aware of what has happened. Yack Gurnett's poor afflicted daughter, I grieve to say, put an end to her own life this morning, under peculiarly melancholy circumstances."

In all his life John had never felt more bitter sorrow than he did now, and he covered his face with his hands, and, man as he was, shed tears of anguish over her sad fate, thinking of her as the little child whom he had crowned with daisies in the green hollow of the castle moat on that bright June day; and then, again, seeming to feel her loving lips on his forehead, as he had felt them on that night at the mill, when she had, all unconsciously, told the tale of her love.

"If I had only gone there more," he said in a husky voice, "I might have saved this; but that tigress of a woman would never have allowed me to see her. However, it is useless now talking of what I might have done—all is over for her, poor girl! human comfort and human cruelty alike. Poor Mary! how little I thought what her end would be!"

After a pause of a moment or two, John regained his composure, and asked the lawyer what he knew about the matter.

Mr. Collins then gave him all the sorrowful particulars, which he had, indeed, been officially informed of by the Eamont Bridge constable; for, being the coroner, he further informed John that he should have to hold an inquest.

When John had heard all, he said:

"Well, sir, I am at a loss to see how Mr. Cheney's affairs are affected by this poor girl's death."

"Only in this way, Mr. Clifton, that his daughter, Mary Gurnett's cousin, is her nearest heir, and consequently inherits her property."

John was so struck with amazement, that he could not speak; but the lawyer soon made the matter clear to him.

He told him how the miller had come to him to consult him about his will, and that then, learning from him the state of his property, he had explained to him that the Shap estate, which had belonged to his first wife, and which he had consequently considered his own, was his only for life, and that after his death, it would descend to his daughter, Mary, as heiress to her mother, and that as Mary was imbecile, and could not make a will, it would go to her next heir, Helen Cheney.

"Now, I think, Mr. Clifton," added the lawyer, in conclusion,

"you understand this affair; and I will go with you to-morrow, and put all right with Mr. Willis. What is the full amount owing?"

John explained that there was a thousand pounds for principal, and a trifle of interest, about half a year's, he thought.

"Well, then, I will tell you what we will do, Mr. Clifton. I have a considerable sum in the Bank, belonging to a client, who is waiting to find a suitable mortgage to invest it on. I will draw it out at once, and then we will pay Willis, and I will have Yack Gurnett's mortgage security transferred to my client."

"Poor Mary!" sighed John, "it would have rejoiced her heart if she could ever have known that the cousin she loved would have her worldly gear, instead of the two who have wrought her death —which they have done, in a way."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BITER BIT.

THE all-important and eventful day, which Widow Gurnett expected would decide the fate of Ralph Cheney, dawned wet and gloomy. A sudden thaw had taken place during the night, and the melting away of the heavy snow which had fallen, caused the whole face of the country to look like one vast swamp, whilst water dripped and plashed incessantly from thatched roof-tops and gable ends, and from the bare, gaunt-looking branches of the trees.

The streets of Penrith were full of mud and slush, and, in spite of manifold wrappings, Mrs. Gurnett's bombazine and crape had somewhat suffered in her transit in her one-horse chaise from Eamont Bridge to Penrith, and as a consequence her temper had suffered also; so she looked anything but sweetly on Bump Willis, as he stood on the pavement in front of his office, to receive her, his scratch-wig all awry, as usual, and the collar of his old rusty black coat forming a receptacle for the drippings of snow water, plashing from the roof of the house.

"Prythee, my dear madam, what has brought you out on such an unseasonable day?" he asked, in some surprise, as he assisted the lady to alight and ushered her into his inner office.

"Good-lack, Mr. Willis, as if ye wad ask me that!" she replied, in a tone of considerable acrimony. "What could hae brought me here? Nowt, I tell ye, but the important matter that's to be settled to day. Wad I hev left the house where the corpse o' that poor, dear unfortunate creature is lying, for any affair o' less consequence? Nae ye ken weel I wad not; then why trouble me wi' sech a foolish question!"

And here Mrs. Gurnett looked up fiercely, after having wiped

away with her handkerchief, a solitary tear, which she had enticed forth and allowed to trickle down her nose.

"Well, but my dear madam," said the lawyer, in a tone of slight irritation, "you must trust me with the conduct of your legal affairs. You may be sure that I should never lose sight for one instant of your interests."

"Folk mun be sure o' nowt i' this world," answered the widow, doggedly, "and I trust no one; no offence to you, Mr. Willis. I like to look after my ain affairs myself, and then I know they are weel dune."

"Very well, my dear madam, an excellent rule as applied to domestic matters, for instance; but in this case the affair must pass through the hands of your lawyer. I suppose," he added, after a moment's pause, "there is no chance that the money will be paid."

"Tis nae likely that; how suld ye think o't? But I just bethought me, when I were gettin' up this mornin', that that impudent jackanapes, John Clifton,—he slept at Cheney's last neet,—might be comin' here, whinin' and beggin' for his friends—perhaps wi' some sma' matter o' money, to try and get us to wait; and so, thinks I, I mun go and see that they dinna talk Mr. Willis over."

The idea of any one whom Bompas Willis had got in his power being able to talk him over was so absurd that it provoked a sardonic smile from the worthy individual himself. He was just going to disclaim any tendencies to mercy, when the office boy, after a preliminary knock, intruded his short head into the room, and said that two gentlemen wished to see Mr. Willis.

"Why did you not tell them I was engaged, you stupid oaf?"

"Please, sir, I did; and I said as how Mrs. Gurnett was wi' ye; and then they said as how she was a person they wad like particular to see, though they hadn't no idea as she was here."

"And who are they, you prating young blockhead? I suppose, as you were officious enough to tell them the name of the lady with me, you asked theirs."

"I know 'em, sir, without asking," replied the boy; "'twas Mr. Collins, 'o Castle Gate, and Muster John Clifton," he added, with an impudent grin, "as sent owd Nick for you to ride on."

"Now then, who is reet?" asked the widow, triumphantly, not heeding the boy's allusion to that, by Willis, never-forgotten and never-forgiven ride. "Them's come to prate about mercy and Christian charity, and that kind o' thing, and to try and beg for more time; but it won't do. Run, my good boy," she added, seeming sublimely indifferent to Bump's presence, "and tell the gentlemen to walk in."

The boy disappeared with great alacrity, and then Willis said, feeling some doubt as to what this visit might portend, for he himself hardly thought Mr. Collins would plead for delay—

"I think, my dear madam, you had better retire to the next room for a little time, till I see upon what errand these gentlemen have come."

"I shan't do no such a thing, sir; besides, didn't you hear the lad say as they wanted to see me?"

At this moment Mr. Collins and John Clifton were ushered into the room. Willis motioned his visitors to seats. John saluted the widow as though no words had ever passed between them; but she fancied she detected a lurking look of mischief and triumph in his eyes, which made her suddenly "feel all in a quondary," as she afterwards explained to some of her friends. Mr. Collins took snuff, and then hoped he saw her quite well.

"I'm as weel as I can expect," replied Mrs. Gurnett, in a dismal tone, though her foot tapped the ground nervously, as sure a sign, John knew, of great inward irritation, as is the twitching of the tail in the tiger, "after aw the cruel bereavments o' the last few months,—first the death o' my beloved spouse, whose memory is engraved on my heart, i' sech a fashion that nowt can rub it out; and now this last dreadful affair, the suicide o' this poor girl, that I wad hev taken to my bosom like my ain child, hadna mischievous persons poisoned her mind against me."

And the widow looked fiercely at John, who returned her gaze with one of indignant sorrow, as he thought of Mary's sufferings at her hands.

"Well, I think we will proceed to business," said Mr. Collins, briskly. "We were not sorry to find you here, Mrs. Gurnett; we have come about this mortgage matter, as you have doubtless guessed, and you being the principal, are the very person, of all others, we wished to see."

"Yes, I had a gude guess as to what your errand was," replied Mrs. Gurnett, hastily, before Willis, who was about to speak, could get in a word; "and I suppose I am nae far wrong in fancying as how you hev come to ask me to give Mr. Ralph Cheney more time; but I can do nowt o' the sort, sir. I'm a poor lone widow wha's gotten nae gudeman to look after her now. 'Tis very weel to talk o' charity; but charity begins at home, and I maun look to my ain interests, and not beggar mysel', that Captain Richard Clifton may gie his bride, Miss Helen Cheney, a chariot to drive in."

The latter part of this speech was so excessively ludicrous to John, that he could not forbear laughing immoderately.

"You may laugh, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Gurnett, furiously; "but I ken weel how you and yon red-headed brother o' thine, wad hae fettled me if ye could."

"Come, my dear madam," interposed Mr. Collins, "let us confine ourselves to business. We have not come to implore your charity." And as he spoke he took from his pocket a large yellow canvas bag, the sight of which caused a painful emotion in Bump Willis's heart, for it looked suspiciously like a bag heavy with gold, and if so, it was probably the mortgage money. If the sight of this bag caused Willis to tremble for future bills of costs against the luckless mortgagor, Mrs. Gurnett actually started back, as though confronted by a basilisk.

"What! is that the money? I don't believe it. It's a trick!" shrieked the infuriated dame: "I'll no tak it, Willis. I'll hae Cheney's house and land; I'll nae suffer you to meddle wi' my affairs again sae long as ye live, if you let me be robbed i' this fashion."

"Really, Mr. Willis, I wish you would speak to your client, and try and make her hear reason."

The wretched Willis, who knew that he could as soon induce a wild beast to listen to reason as Mrs. Gurnett in one of her angry moods, hesitatingly remarked to her, that if the money was forthcoming they must accept it.

"I won't tak' it; I tell ye, I won't. I'll hae th' land. Ye mun put it i' the bag again," she vociferated, as Mr. Collins commenced emptying the contents of the bag on the table.

"You are a witness, Mr. Willis," said Collins, calmly, but firmly, after he had counted out one thousand pounds, along with a few months' arrears of interest, "that I tender the full amount due. If Mrs. Gurnett refuses it, I shall just take it away with me again; and while she makes up her mind, I will trouble you to get me the title-deeds of Mr. Cheney's property."

Willis knew that Collins had the law on his side; so he rose, and, though very reluctantly, went and unlocked his ponderous iron safe, which stood in a corner of the office, and took out the deeds.

The widow's mood now for a moment took a different turn, she shed tears, and bemoaned her hard fate, in a sort of soliloquy.

"Lack-a-day, since my dear gude man's death there's not been an affliction or grief that's been spared to me; and here's Master Willis, that's lived, as I may say, and fattened many a year upon Yack Gurnett, he mun lend a hand, too, to plunder his poor, unprotected, defenceless widow."

'Not fattened," murmured John, audibly, with a sly glance at the thin meagre form of Willis, a remark that added another

to the long score of grievances which the lawyer had against the young farmer.

"I suppose, sir," said the widow, pitching her voice again in a shriller key, and addressing Mr. Collins, "that if I mun take the money, you'll pay me interest on the arrears? I reckon I've a reet to that, and I mun stand by my reets mysel', sin' there's no one else will tak' the trouble."

And saying this, she looked daggers at Willis, who trembled for his love-suit just then.

"Certainly ma'am," replied Mr. Collins, very quietly, "though it is not usual to claim compound interest when the arrears are so trifling."

"What's my due, I'll be bold to tell you, sir, is no trifling thing to a poor lone widow. I've been robbed and cheated everywhere," exclaimed Mrs. Gurnett, her voice rising in volume as she went on, whilst she clutched at a ruler, and brandished it about, as though she would have liked to belabour some one with it. "There's those rogues o' tenants at Shap—rot 'em!—them's been at the same work; they hev not paid me aw their last half year's rents yet, though they were due on Christmas day. I hev had nowt but £200 fro' them, and there's fifty owin' yet. It's scandalous, so it is! They're just like a pack o' vultures, tryin' to pick the verra e'en out o' my head. But I know wha 'twas put 'em up to not payin' till the will was proved," she added, looking vindictively at John, and tightening her hold of the ruler. "My other tenants," and she laid a pompous emphasis on the word, "at Eamont and Penrith were none so nice; but I'll be even yet wi' them Shap rogues, or my name aint Jane Gurnett."

Mr. Collins here looked up from the heap of gold on the table before him, as though struck by some sudden thought, and said, after a moment's pause:

"You say you have had £200 from the tenants of the Shap estate for the Christmas half year's rents?"

"That's aw, I tell ye, and there's £50 more owin' yet. But I know," she added, looking in John's direction again, "wha does me kind services ahint my back, and them's mighty kind people, to be sure; and I'm vastly obleeged to 'em, and I'll return aw their kind favours some day."

Having fired this shot at John, the widow turned to Mr. Collins again; the latter, however, addressed himself to Willis, who, having laid the deeds upon the table, was about to take possession of the money.

"Pray, stay a little, Mr. Willis. As soon as we had settled this mortgage business, I had another matter to arrange with you, or rather your client; but what she has just now told us about the

Shap rents, will make a little difference in the amount Mr. Cheney has to pay her."

"I really do not quite understand you, sir, said Willis, looking much astonished.

"And, pray, what has Mr. Cheney and his debt to do wi' my Shap estate and rents?" shrieked the widow. "Marry come up! what am I to hear next?"

What she did hear next was more astounding and terrible to Mrs. Gurnett than anything she could have imagined. After Mr. Collins had narrated all the circumstances of the miller's consultation with him about the will, on the day he met with his accident, he proceeded to explain how the Shap estate having been her mother's, descended to Mary Gurnett at her father's death, and how at her decease it had now passed to her cousin and heir, Miss Helen Cheney.

"Is the world comin' to an end?" gasped Mrs. Gurnett. Receiving no answer to this solemn adjuration, she became more matter-of-fact, and with a motion of her hand, which seemed like shaking her fist at Mr. Collins, she said—

"My husband, that's dead and gone, Yack Gurnett, always said the property was his, and he left it aw to me: an' what can ye say agin that?"

Collins quietly turned to Willis.

"Mr. Willis, I suppose I need not remind you that of course the husband takes only life-interest—a tenancy by courtesy, you know, in his wife's estate; after Mr. Gurnett's death it went to the daughter, as heir to her mother."

Willis, who was himself almost confounded by this sudden and unexpected change in the state of affairs, soon perceived that Mr. Collins was perfectly right; and he attempted to explain the matter more fully to his client, and to reconcile her to what was inevitable; but all in vain—she was now almost beside herself with passion.

"Ye auld liar! ye pettifogging old liar! I see through your wily ways. 'Tis aw a conspiracy fro' beginnin' to end! This is what ye wanted me nae to be i' th' room for, when your accomplices came. And that auld sinner, too, that's in his grave! that infamous, wicked man! this is what he meant by sayin' on his death-bed that he left his wench well provided for! I never knew till now what he was driving at. Oh, the black-hearted, cruel villain! to go out o' the world quite quiet like, when he knew what a trick he meant to play on his lawful wedded wife!"

Willis, who saw that neither explanation or persuasion had any effect on the enfuriated widow, thought it best to say no more to her; so he turned to Mr. Collins, and suggested that the money

should now be handed over to his client in exchange for the title-deeds.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Willis; but I must remind you that the rents of Shap estate, which Mrs. Gurnett has received, belong to Miss Cheney, as heir to Mary. The miller died on Christmas Eve, just the day before they were due; so that there will be, as I have told you, a little difference in the amount Mr. Cheney has to pay The rents must be refunded, and the easiest way to settle the affair will be to deduct the £200 from the mortgage-money."

This Collins accordingly very deliberately proceeded to do, whilst Mrs. Gurnett exclaimed, with uplifted hands and eyes,—

"Oh, the robbers, the cheats!" I'm being regularly plundered! They wad strip the flesh off my bones an' they dared! John Clifton," she screamed, menacing that individual with the ruler, "dinna glop at me i' that fashion w' that sneerin' smile on your lips, or I'se do ye a mischief—"

Here Mrs. Gurnett was forced to pause to take breath, being quite overpowered by the violence of her emotion; then springing up, as though by some sudden impulse, she advanced to the door, paused on the threshold, looked at John Clifton, and said in a final fury,—

"I'se ne'er be satisfied till I'm even wi' ye, ye fausse, smilin', deceitful vagabond! I spit at ye!—at you and your dainty auld mither, and your forward minxes o' sisters, and your red-headed brother. and the painted bit o' dirt, the artful young baggage, he's goin' to wed; and I wad like to hev ye aw under my feet, and to trample on ye!"

PHAON TO HIS MISTRESS.

O BELOVÈD, from thine eyes
Flow two rivulets of light,
So bright,
That the silly moth, that flies
In the night,
Has perished in their shade ;
And the glowworm, afraid
Of their splendour, to her lair
Has vanished in the glade.
Like sunbeams on a rose,
Are the glories of thy hair,
On thy shoulders floating free ;
While thy ruby lips disclose,
When thou smilest upon me,
Gems more beautiful than pearls.
O, my love ! among the girls
There is none compared to thee.
Yea, belovèd ! on thy breast
It were ecstacy to rest,
Gently rising, gently falling,
With the perfume of thy breath,
For aye ;
And a fate 'twere more appalling,
Ay, than death,
To be banished from thy presence for a day.

W. T. G.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN MAGISTRATE.

THE PUBLICAN AND HER CUSTOMERS.

"HAVE you taken this man into your service, Aunt Kudum? or is he any relation of yours come home from foreign parts?"

"No; Goput Hajam is not a man in our service, nor is he related to us, any more than you are. He is an intimate acquaintance of my husband, and when the goodman is compelled to stay away from home, he leaves his friend here to look after his woman-kind."

The conversation was perfectly satisfactory to Magun, for it gave him all the information he wanted. He was one of the worst budwasbes of the Midrapore district, and frequently visited the spirit shop of Mussumut Kudum and her husband. He knew of money being kept in the shop, and had found out that the husband was away from home for a few days. What he wanted further to ascertain was whether the women had any friend to take care of them, and learnt that they had one, at least, in Goput Hajam, a dashing young fellow to look at, but hardly a very desperate man to fight with. The only other occupant of the house was Mussuwut Roopnee, a neice of Kudum, a smart girl, who assisted her zealously at the shop.

That night a large party of dacoits, some ten or or twelve in number, attacked the house of Kudum, their faces covered with ashes and with clothes wound round their heads that they might not be easily recognised. Two of these had swords in their hands, the rest being armed with staves, except two, who carried lighted torches that they might have light enough for their work. Kudum was the first to notice their approach.

"Rise, Goput, rise! There is danger about us!" and she drew the chadder from the chest of the sleeper to assist his awakening. But Goput Hajam was only half roused, and before he could get up on his legs the dacoits had entered the house by withdrawing the screen door in front of it, and the first thing they did was to bind down Goput with a rope, cover his eyes with a cloth, and then leave him unmolested on the ground.

Kudum and Roopnee both attempted to escape, but were followed from room to room till they found momentary refuge in a dark corner, where they hid themselves within a large rice basket. They were shortly after traced thither, and Kudum being forcibly dragged out was bound and beaten. Her hands and face were torn, her clothes rent off from her back; but she was still far from being terrified, and would not say where her money was kept.

"You have plate and jewels in the house, woman. Tell us where they are."

"Plate and jewels in the house of a publican! Did any one ever hear such nonsense before? No, good men; I have only a large quantity of rum and whisky, and you are welcome to drink as much of it as you can. But I have not cowrie-shells enough to repay the trouble of gathering them."

"Well, we shall find that out very soon, Kudum," observed one ruffian. "We shall light a fire on the hearth and set you on it, and you will then regret your present obstinacy."

The threat greatly alarmed the poor woman, and her agony became intense when they began poking her with torches; and in her fear and confusion she discovered the place where 60 rupees were buried.

"This can't be all, surely. You must have more money in the house, Kudum. Discover all your hidden treasures, or we shall deal with you very severly indeed."

But there was no more money in the house to discover, and after giving Kudum some more pokes with the torches, the dacoits were content to unbind her, walking off themselves at the same time with all the property they were able to come to.

Kudum was burnt on various parts of the body, and had screamed loudly in pain; but, notwithstanding her outcries, not one of her neighbours had come forward to assist her. She now fell into a fit of severe illness, and Roopnee attended on her without intermission; and it was not till nearly two weeks after the attack of the dacoits that she was able to walk about the house without pain.

"Now, just run to the thannah, Roopnee," said she to her niece when she had recovered to this extent, "and tell the thannadar that if he will come over to me, I shall tell him some amazing secrets that I know of."

"About the dacoits, aunt?"

"Yes, girl, about the dacoits we have suffered from. I recognised one of the scoundrels, two of whom were in the habit of coming to my shop frequently; while two others are our own neighbours, who had applied to us on diverse occasions for want of money and grain, which we had refused. I must bring these four fellows at least to justice."

Eleven persons were placed on trial for the dacoity and torture, of whom seven, including Magun, confessed having participated in the crimes. They were sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment each, with both labour and irons. The four who did not confess had to be released, as there was no evidence against them.

"I shall carry the torch mark on my body to the grave," said Kudum; 'but am satisfied with my revenge."

THE PUGNACIOUS HAVILDAR.

A LITTLE band of sepoys was proceeding from Jessore to Bogundee in charge of treasure, under the lead of a Havildar named Roop Sing, a man of large statue and swarthy appearance, whose very look betokened a savage mind. On approaching the village of Nagurgha tta, the Havil-

der sent off two sepoys to procure provisions, and the eyes of the villagers were of course at once drawn towards them.

"What are you gaping at, bumpkins? can any of you direct us where *atta dâl, ghee*, and vegetables are to be had?" asked one of the sepoys.

"Ah, sirs!" replied one of the men addressed, "we have no bazar here, except on market days, and you will get no supplies fit for your use, unless you proceed further to the zemindar's cutcherry, where all your wants will be easily supplied."

"What say the knaves?" exclaimed Roop Sing in anger, on the reply of the villagers being reported to him. "Must the sepoys of the Company Bahadoogs go without food, while every dog of a villager gets something to stuff his stomach with? No, I wont move on to the zemindar's cutcherry; the sun is already above our heads, and my men are all fatigued. The villagers must get us the provisions we want, or take the consequences of their disloyalty

With these words the Havildar pompously marched into the entrance hall of the house of Yusuf Luskur the principal ryot of the village, and, depositing the treasure under his charge there, began to take off his accoutrements, his example being of course followed by all the sepoys.

"Who are you, gentlemen, that thus intrude unasked into the house of my master when he is absent from home?" interposed a person named Manick Biswas, a servant of Eusuf Luskur.

"Ha! what sayest thou? Questionest thou our right to enter thy master's house in the name of the Company Bahadoor and occupy it for such a time as we may wish to do so? What is to prevent me from ordering thy tongue to be torn out of thy mouth for thy insolence?"

The servant was nonplussed by the threat, but, still faithful to his interest, continued to remonstrate against the intrusion, though in a milder tone; upon which the enraged Havildar ordered him to be captured and his hands tied. "We shall keep thee in duress bound," said Roop Sing, "till thy master be forthcoming with all the supplies we want."

In the meantime several sepoys were sent out in different directions to get together whatever they could come across, which might be useful to them either as food or for their convenience; and plundering the villagers, as sepoys know how to loot, they in a short time got together a large supply of rice, *dâl, ghee*, and vegetables, which they began to cook for their use.

"Havildar Sâbele, here is another traitor we have captured," reported a batch of sepoys as they came back from their expedition. "He was sitting in his house on this new mat, and when we asked him to give it up for your use he bluntly refused to do so. We have brought away both the mat and its owner for your orders."

"Give the man two slaps on the face for his impudence, and tie his hands and detain him with the other fellow, and let me have the mat at once to sit upon."

The man thus detained was named Azeem Luskur. A brother of his, named Sobban, came up to beseech the sepoys to liberate him, and not succeeding with them, pressed his suit on the Havildar.

"Back, dog," cried Roop Sing with wrath, "or I shall have thee whipped for coming thither to create a disturbance;" and, on his still pressing his request, and on being joined by one Zakir, an uncle of Eusuff Luskur, who preferred a similar petition on behalf of Manick Biswas, they were both arrested and bound, and kept along with the other two prisoners.

There was now the greatest uproar and confusion throughout the village. The villagers, considerably alarmed, collected in numbers, but still kept the peace. All their object at first was to get the captives enlarged; but the Havildar was deaf to ther entreaties and prayers.

"Hark ye, masters," said at this moment a villager of the *dome* caste to his superior brethren, "we are so many here, can't we liberate our own men by force from their hands?"

The suggestion found a ready response, and several of the villagers commenced to throw brickbats at the sepoys, and, marching on them in a body, succeeded in liberating two out of the four prisoners— namely, Sobban Luskur and Manick Biswas. Roop Sing was tremendously angered at this, and made another effort to recapture them; but the liberated men actively aiding the rioters, there was a hand-to-hand fight for a few minutes, in which the sepoys were worsted and the Havildar well beaten.

Intimation of the riot was sent to the thannah, but when the police arrived at the spot, the rioters had dispersed. On the complaint of the Havildar, Sobban Luskur and Manick Biswas were apprehended; but none of the other men engaged in the assault could be traced. After this the sepoys proceeded by easy stages to Bogundee, and having delivered the treasure there, returned thence to Jessore; but Roop Sing was so disabled, from the wounds received by him in the fight, that he had to be carried some twelve or fourteen miles in a *dooly*, and died on reaching Jessore.

The two persons arrested by the police were tried on the charge of having wounded the Havildar, and caused his death. But all that could be proved against them was that they were present in the affray in which he was wounded. The aggression on the village was proved to have been begun by the Havildar and his party, the rising of the villagers was absolutely forced by the misconduct of the sepoys; and taking all these circumstances into consideration, it was held sufficient to sentence the prisoners to one years' imprisonment each.

THE BURNING OF THE HAY.

THERE were two notorious characters who lived side by side at Santipore, in Noddea, and followed the same profession. They were Gomesh Chunder Roy, well known all over Bengal by the surname of Motee Baboo, and a Mr. Broadhurst, both of them being indigo planters. There was a long standing enmity between them, and the false charges they brought against each other, and against each other's servants, were interminable.

One charge brought against some servants of the native by the English planter was of arson—namely, that they had burnt to the ground a valuable crop of hay belonging to him. Mr. Broadhurst held some pasture lands in Santipore which yielded a large supply of hay. The produce of the season had been cut and stacked on the banks of the Hooghly, the owner intending to send it down in boats to Calcutta to one of the livery-stable keepers there. But his enemy caught time by the forelock, and set fire to the ricks, and the loss was estimated by Mr. Broadhurst at Rs. 1600.

"Stop a minute," said the magistrate. "Were there no servants to guard the treasure?"

"Oh, yes; there were four servants watching over it; and what is curious is, that they were all on the ground at the time when the ricks were burnt down."

The watchmen were produced, and gave the following account of the affair. Two of them were stationed on the north side and two on the south side of the ricks. A little after midnight the first two were surprised to see two glimmering lights approach them from the direction of an old factory belonging to Motee Baboo. One of them screamed out faintly in affright; but the other being bolder told him to keep quiet and observe, for there was nothing to fear. As the lights advanced, a body of about twenty *lattials*, or clubmen, was seen to follow them.

"Did you ever know of ghosts moving out in such numbers together? What reason was there to scream out as you did?" asked the second man now.

"But if not ghost, who or what are they?" was the counter-question in reply.

"Oh, I think it is probably a marriage procession passing from one village to another."

"A marriage procession with two lights only! Is that a proof of your watching experience, chum?"

"Hush! make no noise. They are speaking together, and if we listen we shall know all."

And they did listen to all that was said, and distinctly heard the party speculating whether there were any watchmen over the hay or not, and if there were any whether it would not be prudent to secure them before the ricks were fired.

"They are after mischief, the devils; let us hide ourselves," said one.

"Hide ourselves!" exclaimed the other. "Why, are you afraid of them?"

"No, you idiot. But if we hide ourselves, we shall see clearly everything they do. We have only seen the beginning as yet, and should stay somewhere to see the end, which would enable us the better to report on the matter fully."

This wise resolution was adopted, not only by the two speakers, but also by the two watchmen on the south side, who, without holding any communication with their comrades on the north side, followed their

example with intuitive fidelity. Their wisdom was soon rewarded. The fire-raisers, seeing no one on the ground, used their *wassáls* freely from rick to rick, till all the ricks were ablaze.

"How beautifully the dry hay burns!" said the incendiaries with delight. "We have done our work thoroughly, and can now cut off;" and raising a shout of victory they retired.

"What can we do now?" asked the watchers of each other.

"Hem!" said the cleverest among them. "We had better report the matter to our master."

"Not at this stage? Should we not rather wait to see the ricks burnt down?"

"It is hardly necessary to do that," replied the wisest. "The mischief has been thoroughly done without any prospect of restoration, and by the time we reach our master's house there will be nothing but ashes."

The reasoning was a settler, and Mr. Broadhurst thus received the earliest intimation of his hay crop having been fired when it had been completely burnt to the ground. The watchmen were zealous in their testimony; they had not only seen the ricks burnt, but had carefully observed the faces of the culprits by the glare of the conflagration.

"Will you be able to identify them?"

"Yes, sir; they are all known to us. They are the servants of Motee Baboo."

They knew where to find them, and eleven persons were arrested by the police on being named by them. There was no evidence against these besides that of the watchmen; but that was so circumstantial that the Sessions Judge considered their guilt to be established, and convicted them. This conviction was set aside by the Final Court on appeal, the evidence of the watchmen being pronounced to be unreliable. When the principals were at enmity the evidence of their retainers was not worth much, and in the present case it also appeared unaccountable to the higher court why the watchmen should not have first run to the thannah to report what they had witnessed, since that was nearer to the spot than their master's residence.

THE CAMP OF A MAHOMEDAN PRINCE.

It was at the commencement of March, 1852, that the Nawab Nagore of Mutagurh started with a large following on a hunting expedition towards the district of Maldah. The weather had begun to be perceptibly hot, and the spirits of the party were anything but buoyant; and the farce of hunting, for it was really no better than a farce, was drowsily got through, mainly in the neighbourhood of a village named Haranpore, where the camp remained fixed for about a month.

Among the followers of the Nawab on the occasion was one Meoh Burgoovood, a man of a cadaverous appearance and taciturn and un-

social habits. He was nevertheless much liked by Agah Ali, the chief of the Nawab, and was also praised by the Nawab as being one of the best shots in his suite. Towards the end of March one day this man, after having been occupied for some time in the open along with the Nawab, returned to his camp in the evening to find that a tin box belonging to him, which contained property to the value of about 700 Rs., had been carried off. His servants were in fits, as also were those attached to other contiguous camps, for they all knew the character of Burgoovood, and that he would spare no one on whom his suspicions might alight till the actual thiefs were traced.

Many seizures were at once made under Burgoovood's orders; but he simplified proceedings greatly by lecturing to the parties captured, with a mind to induce them to give up the thieves.

"If you want a foretaste of hell, I will give it to you; otherwise you should lose no time in discovering the real culprits, and you have better means of finding out who they are than I have."

The parties apprehended were greatly terrified, but not from a guilty conscience. They knew the man who had got hold of them, and were afraid of the tortures he was able to inflict. All that they could do to delay the infliction was to ask for a little time to consult each other towards arriving at a common decision, and this being given, they composed themselves to a strict inquiry, which resulted in their suspicions being directed towards two of their number—namely, one Jinkoo, a *fakir*, and one Buddee, who was the son of a *goolam*, or slave, in the service of the Nawab.

"Wretch! I am certain that you have done this!" exclaimed one of the servants of Burgoovood addressing Buddee, and the latter was so taken aback by the suddenness of the charge that he fainted from fear. Jinkoo being similarly accosted, also got exceedingly embarrassed, and the distress exhibited by both was interpreted by their challengers as the confusion of guilt.

"Well, have you discovered the thieves?" demanded Burgoovood of his prisoners when the respite given to them was over.

"Yes, sir!" was the unanimous reply. "They are Jinkoo and Buddee, and a little pressure will induce them to confess."

Burgoovood was soon in his own element, but before proceeding to extremities in the matter he sought the advice of Agah Ali, or rather for his authority to back him.

"Oh! give it to them by all means," said the man in authority; "you can never expect a confession to be absolutely voluntary. First bring the fellows in a fit state to be reasoned with;" and acting accordingly, Burgoovood had them both beaten till they declared in agony that they, and none other, had committed the theft.

"But a mere confession of it won't suffice. You must point out and restore the property."

"The property, sir? The property we have given to a *gareenan* at Bogurreab, and will be found with him."

"Indeed! Then you must go to him and recover it."

That night Buddee was conveyed on a camel to Bogurreah, a distance of about eight or nine miles from Haranpore; but on reaching that place, Buddee confessed that his statement about the *gareenan* was entirely fictitious, made in the intensity of pain to secure a respite of beating; and on his knees he implored mercy, asserting that he knew nothing whatever of the theft. He was now beaten again as unmercifully as before, till maddened by his sufferings he blubbered forth that he had given the property to two nautch girls at Haranpore, upon which he was taken back to that place.

The story about the nautch girls was as fictitious as that about the *gareenan*. They were both haphazard statements put forward for one and the same purpose—namely, to arrest for a while the hands that tormented them; but their tormentors would not yet believe that the poor wretches were really guiltless.

"Now, Jinkoo, will you say what has become of the box, and where it is to be found?'

Jinkoo attempted to answer, but his tongue clove to the roof his mouth. He had been as violently beaten as Buddee, and his contortions of pain were apparent; but they excited no pity in his persecutors. A continuous beating was now kept up for hours on both, after which there were some intervals of respite, which were again succeeded by treatment as unmerciful as before. These beatings were so intense that one witness said that the skin was pealed off from the bodies of both the sufferers, while another explained that the flesh assumed the appearance of raw beef, and the bodies were covered with sores. On the fourth day from the commencement of their tortures the camp was moved from Haranpore to Beloll, and thither the sufferers were carried along with the rest; and two days after they were similarly pushed forward to Majole. Here a veil over the last scenes of the tragedy was thrown by medical assistance being procured for them; but they had already reached a stage from which it was not in the power of the native doctor to reclaim them. Jinkoo died a few hours after their arrival at Majole, Buddee the day after.

"This is a sorry business now," said Burgoovood. "The loss of money was bad enough. What if the district authorities take it into their heads to sift the case according to their queer notions of law and justice?"

"The district authorities be hanged," said Agah Ali. "Who can have the audacity to speak of law to us? The district authorities have nothing whatever to do with the Nawab Nagore's camp."

The district authorities were, however, of a different opinion. For a time they were altogether in the dark in respect to the matter, for it was given out in the camp that the two men had died of cholera, and they were buried in the usual fashion, without any inquest on their bodies. It was not till a month after that stories about the barbarities inflicted on them began gradually to ooze out, and it was then that an investigation into the matter was made. This fully established the torture they had suffered, and that their death was caused by it;

but no direct proofs to criminate the greatest culprits, Agah Ali and Meab Burgoovood, could be come to. The parties who gave effect to the maltreatment, five in number, were convicted of culpable homicide, the intention to take life not being inferable from the evidence that was forthcoming, and they were sentenced each to fourteen years' imprisonment in banishment, with labour and irons; but the parties who ordered the maltreatment went scot-free. To prevent a recurrence of such atrocity, it was ordered by the Government that Nawab Nagore was not from that time to move out any where with a large following without being accompanied by an officer of the police.

TO THÉRÈSE.

WE'LL walk, oh love, through life together,
Through sunny and through stormy weather,
Nor heed the gazing crowd a feather
So long as we're each other's treasure.

We'll arm-in-arm the wide world through—
We'll never quarrel, I and you;
No strife shall sever hearts so true,
Our kisses shall fall thick as dew.

We'll thread the vale of life on roses—
We'll stop and pick its choicest posies;
And when our sweet existence closes,
We'll fly where endless love reposes.

MATTHEW SETON.

TOM TURNPENNY'S WIFE.

BY W. T. GREENE,

Author of "A Desperate Character," &c., &c.

HEIGHO! What a long time it appears, since I first met Tom Turnpenny!

I must be getting quite an old fellow! and yet, upon my word, I don't feel it; I don't, indeed: and my friends, one and all, tell me that I don't look it; and so I cannot be so very ancient, after all.

Somebody has said that there is "a grace in growing old that is granted to but few;" but, then, somebody is always saying something disagreeable, for no other purpose than that of making some one else uncomfortable.

So be it: I don't mean for my part, ever to be a bit older than I am. That is to say—for such a sweeping assertion seems to require a little qualification or explanation, does not it?—until I cannot help it, which I hope will not be for a good many years to come.

"But what," cries the reader, "what in the name of fortune has all this got to do with Tom Turnpenny, or Tom Turnpenny's wife?"

Patience, "gentle" reader; softly, if you please: if you will not let me tell my story in my own way, I must just give it up.

Give it up!

Not I, Sir Crossticks, not a bit of it: I have a story to tell, and I mean to tell it—in my own way, too: so there! take that home with you, and put it under your pillow, and sleep on it, if my lady will let you.

I rather think I had him there.

Had him! I should say so: but to resume.

It is a certain round number of years since I first met Tom Turnpenny, and there wasn't a jollier fellow under the sun than he was then. He was the Chairman of the Ancient and Honourable Order of Antediluvian Buffaloes (at least, we'll say that was the name of the Society over which he presided, and of which I was about to become a member); and, I repeat it, there wasn't a jollier little fellow under the sun.

A little fellow! well, yes: Tom was not more than five foot four and a half inches in height; but he had a heart, bless you! big enough for a giant, and an arm!

He could wrestle with a fellow five inches taller than himself and get the better of him: and box! there were not many could stand before him with the gloves!

Once he fought a great big bargee, who was correcting his wife (the bargee's, not Tom's) with a small crowbar, and that bargee's face was a spectacle when the deed was done, while Tom's hadn't a scratch.

Clever? I should say so, indeed.

Why, the Buffaloes were all clever until I joined them; one of the conditions of membership being proof of having been engaged in authorship for at least two years, and having published at least one work that had been favourably received by the public and the reviewers.

All these conditions Tom had more than fulfilled: he was, moreover, Editor of the *Crucible*, a weekly journal of rather a critical turn, and had in addition published two three-volume novels, both of which, but especially the last, had been very well received.

Tom had a mother, and two elder spinster-sisters, who all three looked upon his connexion with the Buffaloes as something shocking: in fact, I think they would as soon, almost, have seen him a member of the shoe-black brigade.

And yet, if you had asked them why, I feel positive that they could have given you no good, or valid reason for their dislike to a society of which they knew nothing, except that once a week it kept their son and brother out until the small hours of the morning, when he let himself in with his latch-key; and, as he proceeded quietly up to his room, perfumed the stairs and lobby with the odour of cigars, which invariably set the three ladies off coughing—for he was never permitted to smoke at home.

But never, not even once, could they accuse him of slipping on the stairs, going to bed with his boots on, or performing any other eccentricity commonly attributed to the excessive use, or abuse rather, of whiskey-toddy.

No, the Buffaloes were as quiet, orderly fellows as you could meet with during a month of Sundays; and when they met once a week at their rooms, passed their time in reading and criticising each other's compositions; which done, they sang songs, smoked, and sipped their wine or punch, until they felt inclined to separate, and wend their several ways homewards as quietly as good fellows should.

Tom, as we all knew, had a good deal to put up with at home; and when his mother and sisters, having held solemn conclave together, arrived at the conclusion that the only thing that would save their son and brother from perdition and the Buffaloes, was a wife, and told him so one morning at breakfast, he fell into their views much more readily than they had anticipated; for he thought he saw in their proposal a loophole of escape from the domestic tyranny he had so long quietly endured, but which was daily growing more and more intolerable.

"There is only one objection, mother," he remarked, when the three ladies had each had her say on the subject, "and that is that I have not the least idea whom to marry: there isn't a girl I know that any of you would like me to take to wife."

The three old ladies—the youngest of his sisters was ten years older than Tom, who was just eight-and-twenty—exchanged glances, and the mother, smiling, replied, "I dare say that can be arranged: cannot it? appealing to her daughters, whom she always called, when speaking of them, "the girls."

The girls nodded approvingly; but they were too wary to show their cards; and the subject dropped, because Tom did not care to pursue it, and the ladies deemed it more prudent not to press the matter then.

"Shall you be at home on Thursday evening, Tom?" inquired Miss Tabitha, the youngest of Tom's sisters, as that young gentleman was, a few minutes later, rising from the breakfast-table.

"Why, no," replied her brother. "I shall be at the Buffaloes, you know, of course, Tabby."

Three heads were simultaneously tossed into the air, and six nostrils sniffed that element, much as the charger is said to do the battle from afar.

Tom, however, had no present desire for the fray, and saved himself from the volumes of abuse and mournful prediction by a timely retreat; it was not the first time, by a good many, that he had practised the better part of valour, nor would it be the last, for Tom had a born objection to domestic rows.

You may depend upon it, the three ladies had settled all their plans before they broached the subject to their son and brother, especially the mother; for there is scarcely a woman in the world who can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of her son, especially her only son, entering into the bonds of holy matrimony, unless with a woman of her own choosing, and good old Mrs. Turnpenny was not an exception to the rule; while, on the other hand, sisters are not usually very much attached to their sisters-in-law.

But Mrs. and the Misses Turnpenny had weighed all the *pros* and *cons* of the matter thoroughly, and had decided that, much as they would have preferred keeping Tom to themselves, it was better that he should have a wife than be permitted to go to rack and ruin with those shocking Buffaloes; and having arrived at the conclusion that he should marry, they further proceeded to select, from amongst their circle of acquaintances, the particular young lady whom he was to take to wife.

In this respect, too, Tom fell in with the views of his relations much more readily than they had expected. The fact was, he had already, but without in any way making up his mind in the

matter, turned his eyes in the same direction, and thought, in a vague sort of way, that little Emma Pattison was rather a niceish sort of girl.

"I shall have to marry sometime or other, I suppose," Tom had said to himself one day, after an evening spent in the society of the aforesaid Emma, "and that little girl would, I daresay, make a capital wife for a fellow."

But there the matter ended; for Tom, thoroughly awake, had something else to think about. His third novel was in the press, and the page had just brought up to his room a bundle of proofs from the printers, which required immediate correcting, and despatch by return of post.

Thursday came round in due course, and brought no less a person than Miss Emma Pattison to The Cedars, as the suburban villa where the Turnpennys lived was called, on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle, because there was not a cedar-tree within miles of it. The little lady had a number of mysterious packages with her, and had evidently been asked to "stay a few days."

But why Thursday? Tom was going out. Just so: the ladies were fond enough to think that the bewitching presence of their fair guest would keep the truant son and brother from the hateful Buffaloes, but made a slight mistake, as the wisest of mortals will sometimes do.

I am not going to say that Emma Pattison was not a nice girl, far from it; she was just emerging from her teens, and was learned in all the "accomplishments," the use of the globes included, which schoolmistresses are so fond of setting forth in their prospectuses. She had a delicate complexion, a pretty smile dimpled cheeks and chin, plump white hands, with pink nails, demure large brown eyes, fringed with long lashes, and an abundance of long brown hair. Her figure was plump, but scarcely yet too much so for her height, which did not greatly exceed five feet.

Yes, on the whole, she was, as I have said, a decidedly nice little girl; she was one of a family of ten, whose father was the vicar of the parish where the Turnpennys lived, and was *so* domesticated, *such* a *sweet* temper, *so* placid—in fact, *such* a dear!

N.B.—Mrs. and the Misses Turnpenny are responsible for the italics.

Well, Tom came in to dinner, and bouncing without ceremony into the ladies' morning room (in which they mostly sat all day) as his manner was on returning home from his office in Chandos Street (the *Crucible* office, you understand), exclaimed: "Hullo, mother! hullo, girls! what do you think——" and stopped suddenly short on perceiving a fourth female form; but recovering

himself directly, went up and shook hands with the "visitor," chatted for a minute or two with her about nothing in particular, and on being reminded by his mother that dinner was almost ready, darted out of the room to dress, and return as the bell was rung by the butler, to escort the old lady into the dining-room, as his custom had been for years, ever since he was quite a little boy.

On ordinary occasions the girls walked arm-in-arm behind them; but on the eventful Thursday in question, each of them took an arm of their guest, and so followed their mother and brother to the door of the dining-room, which they entered sideways, as it was not of sufficient width to admit all three abreast.

The dinner itself was quite a pattern dinner; the Turnpennys having a very proper regard for the *biensèances* of life, and the cook, on this particular day, had certainly put forth the utmost powers of her art to please both eye and palate; the old lady had ordered some of her especially favourite wine to be brought forth, so that by the time grace was said, all five people present were on excellent terms with each other and themselves.

It was not the custom, at The Cedars, for the gentleman to remain in the dining-room after the ladies had retired, but to accompany them to the drawing-room, there to partake of tea or coffee, and "hear a little music" for half-an-hour or so, when he was at liberty to occupy himself as he chose for the remainder of the evening, which Tom very generally did in writing in a recess at the end of the room that was especially consecrated to his use. If he was not in the humour for writing, he played écarté with his mother, or he and the girls joined the old lady in a rubber for "love."

On the present occasion, however, as they rose from the table the old lady, smiling ever so kindly at her handsome son, observed in her very blandest manner: "Tom, dear boy, if you would like o smokea cigar, do so."

Tom stared: he could not believe his ears. "Smoke, mother!"

"Yes, dear, if you like."

"Oh, pray do, Mr. Turnpenny!" exclaimed wicked little Emma; "I do *so* love the perfume of a nice cigar!"

As Tom afterwards avowed to me, "You might have knocked me down with a feather, Smyth, my boy;" but, unsuspecting creature that he was, he never for a moment guessed the reason of the untoward indulgence; for, as a rule, the old lady, his mother, would as soon have permitted him to smoke in her house as to cut off the tail of her favourite cat with her embroidery scissors.

Emma Pattison was at the bottom of it all, though Tom, of course, was not aware of it.

"Dear Mrs. Turnpenny," she hande said, wh they were all

four of them discussing Tom's delinquencies during the morning, or rather when the mother and sisters were confiding the history of their grievances to her sympathetic bosom, "Dear Mrs. Turnpenny, all young men smoke. Papa has had to give in to Algernon and Rupert; for if they are not allowed to do so at home, they go out for their 'weeds,' as they call their nasty tobacco."

"I'm sure if Tom smokes in this house I shall be choked," tartly observed Hephzibah, the eldest Miss Turnpenny; I cannot endure even to go into his room."

"Heffy, dear," replied the more sympathetic Tabby, "we have always given way to darling Tom; let us do so in this matter too. Who knows, if we let him smoke here after dinner, he may not go near those shocking Buffaloes any more?"

"I am quite sure he will not," replied Emma Pattison; "our boys have scarcely ever gone out since papa consented to their smoking at home."

So was it arranged: Tom should smoke, an' they choked for it.

Oh, the unselfishness, the self-abnegation of the charming sex! When shall we, rude creatures, approach them, even in the far distance, in their silent, and by us unsuspected, domestic sacrifices?

Tom smoked, but with no very easy conscience, a very mild cheroot, drank an extra glass of wine, and hastened to rejoin his relatives and their visitor in the drawing-room. On his appearance three handkerchiefs were simultaneously applied to three mouths, and three smothered coughs told, as plainly as three smothered coughs could do, how much the ladies loved and endured.

Tom, fully aware of the sacrifice, and partly suspecting the motive thereof, looked a trifle shy; in fact, he had scarcely entered the room and witnessed the demonstration aforesaid than he glanced at the door, meditating a retreat into the open air for purification of garments from narcotian fumes; but Emma came to his assistance. "Oh, Mr. Turnpenny, *do* sing that charming song of yours, of which your sisters have told me such a wonderful account!"

Tom protested he did not know what song was meant, nor could the sisters, when appealed to, in any way enlighten him by solving the difficulty.

But Emma was not to be beaten. "That song, Mr. Turnpenny, of which you were humming the tune just now as you left the dining-room."

Tom positively blushed, the tune in question being that of a popular music-hall ditty, scarcely fitted for ears polite in the drawing-room of The Cedars; but Emma's eyes were so large, and wore such an appealing and withal persuasive expression in their liquid depths, that he could not but comply with her request, improvising words where the original expressions would have

carried dismay into the souls of his relations, who afterwards were cruel enough and uncharitable enough to say that he had no consideration for anybody but himself.

The "song" ended—to Emma's accompaniment, and the chorus of "Oh, thank you!" died away in murmurs of gentle applause, like the humming of bees' wings in the distance—Tom looked at his watch, and exclaiming, "Mother—girls—I must be off; Miss Pattison, excuse me, I have an appointment," bolted off, and was out of the house before the ladies had recovered sufficient presence of mind to make an effort to detain him.

After all their sacrifices, it was too bad! the nasty, selfish fellow! Ladies can be cruel when they are disappointed.

"The nasty, selfish fellow!" repeated Miss Turnpenny.

"Oh don't, Heffy dear!" mildly expostulated Miss Tabitha; "you must remember that he had made the appointment, and that we never told him we were expecting anybody here this evening."

"Appointment, indeed!" exclaimed the old lady, bridling; "I have no patience with him—and after all my fond indulgence!"

"That is where it is," replied her eldest daughter; "I have always said you would ruin that boy. *We* were never indulged as he has been." Here Miss Turnpenny tossed her head, and glanced at her sister, as much as to say; "See what paragons we are, in consequence of our more judicious bringing up."

The old lady, highly indignant, made a tart reply, and war between her and her eldest born was on the point of being declared, when Emma stepped in as a peace-maker, poured oil on the troubled waters of her friends' tempers, and succeeded in re-establishing a calm.

The ladies of The Cedars had all felt for some time that their young visitor was just the wife for Tom; but it must not be supposed that they had allowed any intimation of their intentions to appear to that young lady; oh no! not at all; they were much too worldly-wise thus to display their cards, but were shrewd enough to perceive that if the young gentleman could be brought to the point, there would be no opposition on the part of their youthful friend. So they resolved to bring them together as much as possible, and leave the rest to chance, or the will of a Higher Power, or to the young people themselves: but they apparently reckoned without their host, and all their labours were thrown away; it was decidedly too bad; instead of allowing himself to be quietly limed and caught, their bird had scorned the proffered bait, and at the very moment when they thought him secure, had flown off to rejoin his naughty companions and had selfishly left them in the lurch.

On the following morning Tom felt just a trifle more conscience-smitten than the occasion perhaps demanded; he had a slight headache, too, and looked just a very little pale and fagged.

When they all met at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Turnpenny was stiff and cold in her manner towards her son; her eldest daughter maintained a haughty demeanour, scarcely vouchsafing him an answer when her brother wished her, "Good morning, Heffy!" while Tabby sighed, but returned the matutinal salutation in her usual manner. Miss Pattison, on the contrary, smiled, and held out her plump little hand to the truant, whom she welcomed in the friendliest manner, mingled perhaps with just a shade of sarcasm; "Good morning, Mr. Turnpenny! I hope you enjoyed yourself last night."

Yes, there was just the least bit of scarcasm in her accent, but hidden by the pretty smile and roguish glance of her merry, twinkling eyes; so that Tom, as he gazed in her fresh young face, and pressed her plump white little fingers in his ruder palm, vowed to himself that he was a brute, and she the very nicest girl he had ever seen in all his life.

Need I pursue the theme? My readers will readily guess all that followed; how Tom deserted the Buffaloes—for a season—how he popped the fatal question, and received the equally fatal favourable answer; how he was congratulated by his friends, kissed and hugged by his relations, introduced to his future relatives-in-law and was generally carried about and exhibited in trumph as that greatest, though constantly recurring of curiosities, an engaged man.

Poor Tom! he was deeply enamoured and thoroughly happy then. "She is such a darling!" he declared. "By Jove, old fellow, she knows every word of my two novels off by heart—has read them over and over again! she adores my poetry, too—I am the happiest dog alive, and she is so fond of me!"

Well, perhaps she was, in her way; but had Tom heard her declare, as a lady friend of mine did, that she would sooner marry a costermonger than not be married at all, I doubt whether his enthusiasm would not have abated a little. In private, too, as I learned on the same authority, she turned his writings into ridicule "such rubbish! and that valentine—good gracious!"

I have blamed myself a good deal since, for not telling him what I knew; but my friend had extorted a promise of secrecy before confiding to me what Emma had said of her *fiancé*, and I considered that I was in honour bound to hold my tongue. I have since regretted that I had not bitten it off before I made the rash promise.

"Smyth, old fellow," Tom said to me, one afternoon, about a month after the Thursday of which I have spoken, "I've gone and done it at last" (Tom *was* a trifle slangy now and then); "the Mm is to allow us five hundred a-year; I calculate that I can

make as much by my pen; we are to have a bijou of a house at Clapham, and I am the happiest dog alive!" Here he executed a *pas seul* that would not have disgraced Cerito or Taglioni, and seizing me by the shoulders, turned me round and round until I was quite giddy.

Poor Tom!

They were married; and I, knowing all I did, had the cruelty to act as my friend's best man, to assist at the wedding-breakfast, and throw rice and a slipper after "the happy pair," as the carriage drove away with them to the station, *en route* for Switzerland, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Everything went on pretty well for the first year or so, after which lapse of time the eldest son was born—a splendid boy, by the way, to whom I stood godfather, and as like Tom as possible; then Tom published another novel, which was even more successful than the others had been, so that he received the most flattering offers from the proprietors of various magazines (whose editors aforetime had rejected his proffered contributions) to write for their respective publications, so that he soon had very little spare time on his hands.

This was all very pleasant, of course; but as Tom grew busier, his wife, as a natural consequence, had less of his society, though he gave up to her every spare moment that he had; still she grumbled, and though she never said much to him, she let him understand that she thought herself very much neglected.

What was the poor fellow to do? He had written a play, which proved even more successful than his novels had been; and what with one engagement and another, he was a good deal from home, though it was business, and by no means pleasure, that kept him out.

Tom was soon earning so much money that he would not permit the Mum to contribute any longer to his housekeeping; but the old lady, who, as my readers will have surmised, was pretty well off, announced her determination to set the same sum apart, at compound interest, every year for the benefit of her eldest grandchild, my godson, who will be a rich man some day, if his grandmamma only lives a few years longer.

Soon after Tom's first play was produced at the Blank Theatre, I spent an evening with him at Clapham, and, to my great regret, noticed that there was a considerable degree of constraint and stiffness existing between the young couple—a fact which my wife, who was with me, also remarked.

After dinner, when we were sipping our wine in the dining-room and smoking, I a meerschaum pipe, and Tom a cigar, he sighed and said: "Smyth, you remember me telling you how Emma per-

suaded the Mum to allow me to smoke at home, and how she said she loved the perfume of a good cigar?"

I nodded.

"Well, would you believe it? she now declares that it makes her sick, and kicks up no end of a bother, in her quiet way, if I take a whiff."

I raised my eyebrows, but avoided making a verbal reply.

Tom continued: "I am very unhappy, old fellow; courtship and marriage are two very different things."

Again I pantomimically expressed a qualified assent.

"You have been married almost as long as we have," he continued—"might I ask how you and Mrs. Smyth get on together?"

"Very well," I replied; "ours was not a romantic courtship, if it was a long one; we got to know each other tolerably well before the knot was tied, and our married life has, so far, been almost cloudless; we understand and sympathise with each other in our pursuits; and where we disagree, which we seldom do, we have learnt the wisdom of bearing and forbearing; that is our secret, Tom—try and do the same."

Tom sighed again, "Emma is so unsympathetic," he said, "has not the slightest regard for a fellow's feelings. When I began, the other day, to read her some verses I had just written, she go, up and left the room, saying that she must go look after baby, and added that she hated poetry: yet she complains that I leave her and sit by myself in my own room for hours, writing. She says she wants me to talk to her—she can read for herself when she wants to; but what am I to talk to her about? the things that interest me are devoid of attraction for her; and what she likes I on't care about: so how can we agree?"

Alas! it was the old story: feigned sympathy with a man's tastes to get him for a husband, and after having secured him, the mask thrown off: I repeated my advice: he shook his head: poor Tom!

Yes, poor Tom! and poor Emma! not three years married, both young and healthy, with the prospect of a long life before them, and as virtually separated as if a decree *nisi* had been pronounced.

There are people who look upon my friend Turnpenny as a monster of iniquity who neglects his wife, and on Emma as a dear, suffering angel; while others blame her as selfish, and pity Tom. For my part, I candidly admit that there are faults on both sides; but as to which is the greater sinner in this respect, I decline giving an opinion; my readers, perhaps, will be kind enough to decide the point for me.

In conclusion, I would just say a word to my young lady friends. Dear girls, if one of you is about to marry a man under false pretences—that is to say, affecting to like what he likes, and dislike what he dislikes, while your tastes are all in the contrary direction, pause, ere it be too late, and consider (though I fear you will not) that it is much better not to be married at all, than to be tied for life to a man (no matter how desirable a *parti*) in an unsympathetic union, of which the bonds daily and hourly grow more and more distasteful. Adieu.

TALES FROM THE DRAMATISTS.

By ALFRED HENRY BROMILOW.

No. I.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

THE author of the tragedy bearing this title was Arthur Murphy, a celebrated Irish dramatist. The play was first produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1772, and proved a success. Murphy, born 1727, was a prolific writer, and led a life of adventure. He was, at different times, a merchant's clerk, an author, an actor, a barrister, and a politician. Jesse Foote wrote his biography, a pondrous volume; the dramatist died on the 18th of June, 1805, and was interred at Hammersmith church.

NOT far from Syracuse, amid the rugged rocks that line the Sicilian shore, was a deep, and damp cave. This dungeon was on the summit of a pointed rock, and the only sound that reached its dreaded precincts was the sullen roar of the moaning sea.

It was night: a wild, tempestuous night, and the soldiers, Melancthon and Philotas, who guarded the entrance to the obscure abode, found consolation in speaking of the unhappy state of their country, under the tyrant Dionysius, and the misery the royal captive, Evander, must have suffered. It was the cruel tyrant's wish that the dethroned king should die the most horrible of all deaths—that of starvation—and already for three days had the prisoner languished within his cold cell, unfed and alone. Nor would Evander be the first whom the tyrant had so murdered; full many a victim to his bloodthirst had perished in the self-same cave, unknown to their friends, unpitied, and in anguish.

As the soldiers talked, their conversation was stopped by the appearance of Euphrasia, Evander's unhappy daughter, whose melancholy, yet handsome face, was stamped with affection, devotion, and heroism. No sooner had she arrived than a vast tumult arose; the clang of arms and the shouts of soldiers reached the spot. It was the clatter of heroes, fighting Evander's cause; and, upon hearing the clash of swords, Euphrasia burst into an impassioned strain, bidding the soldiers to war on, until her father once more ascended the Sicilian throne—she called upon Timoleon, the leader of the Grecian arms, to fight bravely, and upset the throne of the usurper.

Then turning to the guards, she asked about her father, where, and how he was. They, fearing to tell the dreadful story, asked her why she had not followed Phocion, her husband, to the wars. She answered that her hero would not permit her; and loud as she wailed at being torn from him and her child, the warrior commanded her to stay behind, that she might tend to her poor father, soothe his pillow of death, close his eyes, and catch his last breath.

Pushing her former question, Euphrasia asked about her father; but the sentinels had not time to answer her before Dionysius, amid a flourish of trumpets, broke upon the scene. After hurling a thousand execrations on the head of Timoleon, Dionysius listened for a moment to the supplications of Euphrasia, and replied by ordering her to her couch. Then, renewing his oaths of vengeance, he sought the scene of action, leaving the guards and Euphrasia alone.

The daughter again entreated her hearers to give her news of her parent. Melancthon at last complied; and upon hearing the fearful story, the hunger of a tiger rushed through Euphrasia's form, and vowing to sheath her dagger in the heart of her oppressor, she rushed to the fight.

. . . . . .

The rocks, that the night before stood so sullen and dark against the sky, were now tinged with the silver of the moon, and the bay that laved their feet was placid as a mirror. Arcas patrolled before the dismal cave; but soon, being relieved by Philotas, he went to sleep within the recess.

As Philotas mused upon the events that were pending, he was startled by a wild cry from behind; he drew his sword, and rushed to seize hold of the intruder.

Lo! to his horror, it was Euphrasia, her hair dishevelled, and the fiery glare of madness starting from her eyes; she again pleaded for an interview with her lone father, an interview however short; but Philotas refused to grant it. At length, overcome with the pathos of her eloquence, he gave the requisite permission.

On entering the ceil, she met Arcas, and begged of him to allow her to take some little nourishment to her sire; he feared to hear her prayer, but led Evander forth. He was weak, d elirious, and forsome time knew not his daughter's loving touch; but oh! the thrill that coursed throughout his frame when once he recognised her!

The dawn of day was breaking over the world as Euphrasia conducted her father back to his dungeon. Their cries were so loud, that Philotas sought the cave to tell the sorrowing ones to be more calm. He, however, soon returned to his post, overwhelmed with terror and amazement. For oh! great God, on peering into the dark chamber, he had seen Euphrasia suckling her aged father; the milk designed for her own offspring, allayed the parching fever of her parent's lips Never, in the history of humanity, did love so triumph over the cruel decrees of tyrants! So refreshed was Evander, and so overcome with sorrow and admiration were the guards, that, allowing their hearts to rule them, they pointed out to father and daughter a path to a place of safety.

Timoleon bravely led his ships to action; and beneath the fierce blows of the swords of his heroes, combined with the valour of uncounted and undaunted warriors, the forts that protected Syracuse were well nigh battered down, and their defenders taken prisoners. But, after many a deed of courage, the Greeks were compelled to retire, leaving

many men in the hands of Dionysius. Though for the moment successful, the tyrant perceived that the day of his power was nearly over; and thinking that the gods must be against him, he ordered sacrifices to be made, incense to be burned in their honour, and the train of virgins to go through the sacred rites.

These orders being given, he commanded the prisoners to be brought before him. Melancthon obeyed the edict; and, loading the unfortunate men with abuse, to which they made such bold answers as to incur the wrath of Dionysuis, he directed the whole of them to be impaled on the rocks, within sight of their compatriots. By this means he hoped to terrify the besiegers.

As the soldiers were about to meet their doom, Dionysius hastened to the temple; when Melancthon, who felt sorry for the captives, caught the sound of a familiar voice, no other that of Phocion—Euphrasia's husband—who, under the garb of a prisoner, had found his way into the interior of Syracuse, in hopes of seeing his wife and Evander. Melancthon, fearful lest Phocion should be detected, hastily told him that Evander lived, and that Euphrasia was with him; with the same breath he informed the warrior of the entrance to a subterranean passage, by which the Greeks could enter Syracuse. He desired Phocion to return to Timoleon, to tell him of the secret, and to surprise and capture the tyrant in the heart of his own city.

. . . . . .

A mist of blue incense filled the gorgeous temple; the train of virgins were holding service to the gods. To the left there stood a tomb, and in the centre of the edifice a monument. With eyes red with weeping, Euphrasia knelt before the tomb—it was her mother's last resting-place. Upon it she burned some viands and sprinkled it with wine, as a tribute to the memory of her lost parent.

At length the virgins all retired, leaving Euphrasia alone amid the brazen statues of the gods. With hasty steps she walked up to the monument, and from it, her old and infirm father, Evander, the dethroned king of Sicily, came forth. But their meeting and sacred converse soon was interrupted; a step was heard, and Philotas appeared. His head was bowed down with reverence on beholding the old monarch, and he asked forgiveness from him, for acting in consort with the troops of Dionysius—a part he was compelled to perform. He expressed such bright hopes of the future, that Evander wished to show himself to his people, and trust for support to their gratitude; believing that he should thuswise rally his followers, secure his crown, and prevent the bloodshed that would inevitably ensue, if he could only gather his honours by battling with Dionysius.

But the old king, persuaded by his daughter, resolved not to hazard so great a chance; and, as they could hear a messenger approaching, he reposed his confidence in the breasts of his friends, and re-entered the monument.

The new-comer was Calippus, who commanded Euphrasia to seek the presence of Dionysius; and she, with many misgivings as to the tyrant's purpose, bowed to the imperial mandate.

Dionysius, surrounded by his warriors, stood upon the citadel. The usurper, on being told that a lieutenant from Timoleon waited without, desired the presence of the visitor, who, upon being introduced to his majesty, informed him that his master requested an armistice of one day's duration, so as to enable both armies to give the killed an honourable burial.

After some hesitation Dionysius granted the request, and summoned Euphrasia. She stood before him with downcast eyes, and the monarch, dissembling, desired to know if she would like to see her father, who he said, since his imprisonment had had every attention paid to his person. The brave daughter, knowing that if the guards went to look for Evander in the cave, they would find him not, and remembering that if such an event happened, her plans would be frustrated, made a prolix reply; in which she said, that dutiful as she was, loving as she was, she could not torture her bosom with the sight of her fallen parent, but reserved her caresses, until she could bestow them on Evander with the crown of Sicily on his brow. This answer stung Dionysius to the heart; he told her to keep for other ears her insolence, and to note that if she wished the crown of Sicily to pass to her boy, as he had no heirs, her only plan of success would be to ask her husband, Phocion, to advise Timoleon to unmoor his ships and return to Greece. To do this she refused; the throne of the isle, after her father's death, would, by right, belong to her son; and on no account should he accept of it from a robber. Her husband, Timoleon, like a true hero, fought in an honourable cause, and until the Greeks either conquered or were vanquished, she would claim and maintain her just and equitable rights.

"If that be so, cried Dionysius, your father this night, and before your eyes, shall meet his end," and saying this he left her.

"This night," she said inly, "this night, usurper and tyrant, shall witness thy downfall and death."

A thick gloom hung within the temple as Phocion and Melancthon met. In pursuance to the advice of Melancthon, Phocion entered the monument, hoping to converse not only with Evander, but also with Euphrasia, his wife. A little while after Euphrasia entered upon the aisles, and she, too, drew near to the monument, out of which came Phocion, though in the darkness it was some time before the couple recognised each other. When they did so, Euphrasia's first question was about the boy; he, thank the gods, was safe. Evander, led by Melancthon, now stole upon their presence; he had been to prostrate himself at the foot of the altar. Great was the joy of this meeting; but there was no time for long embraces or kisses; the sounds of war were audible, and Phocion hurried back to Timoleon, whose troops, it appeared, while engaged in the burial of the dead, had been attacked by those of Dionysius, and the act thus made patent the usurper's intention in granting the armistice.

In the middle of the night Dionysius called Euphrasia. He told her to prepare for death, and summoning Philotas commanded him to execute Evander but, to the murderer's surprise, the victim was already

dead; the emperor asked for the king's head; Philotas, had, unwittingly, thrown the whole body into the sea. Revenge fell upon the old man's child; Philotos was told his duty, and Dionysius left them. Instead of performing the orders he had received, Philotas, who had ever hated the spoiler, told Euphrasia the true story; she would find her parent in the monument; thither she must repair and await the completion of their schemes.

That very night, upon the battlements, Dionysius delivered a harangue to his followers; he conjured them to strike for the liberty of their land, the honour of their wives, and the safety of their children—all was fair in war; and now, whilst the veil of sleep overshadowed the eyes of the Greeks, let them go; a glorious victory would be their reward, the valour of their forefathers would be sustained, and the narrative of their bravery gildthe pages of history.

Whilst he was delivering this oration, an officer, wildly excited, rushed before him, and declared that already the Greeks wrought havoc in the city, they having entered it by a subterranean passage.

The roar of the tumult swelled louder, the fury of the combatants vented itself in horror and blood; and Dionysius, beaten back, sought refuge in the temple.

There he beheld Euphrasia, and raised a dagger to stab her, but was prevented from so doing by a slave. Not satisfied with this base attempt, he, in the midst of the wild din and clatter, fell upon Evander, and already was the old man about to fall beneath the glittering weapon, when Euphrasia, uttering a loud cry, rushed between them, and plunged, up to the very hilt, her dagger into Dionysius's breast.

A stream of crimson blood gushed over the white hand; Phocion embraced his wife and child. Peace was proclaimed through Sicily; and the love of Euphrasia, along with the singular act by which she saved her father from starvation, have been handed down for the admiration of posterity; so that we may hear of her unexampled virtue, and learn to emulate the Grecian daughter.

LADY MARY.

LADY MARY, tall and stately,
Tapping at a cottage door—
All who see her wonder greatly
What she goes there for.

Tall and fair is Lady Mary,
And a haughty glance has she—
Be it mortal maid, or fairy,
None so proud may be.

Mighty store has she of riches,
And of beauty mightier store:
A stately beauty that bewitches,
But repels one more.

Titles has she, castles, manors,
And a long, long pedigree;
Parchments, and ancestral banners,
Wonderful to see.

Yet this proud and noble maiden,
Stately, tall, and rich and fair,
Is with little presents laden,
Chosen, culled with care;

Culled with care, and fitly chosen
For the feeble inmate who,
In that cottage, knitting hosen,
Shuns the public view.

An humble dame is she, and olden,
Wrinkled, deaf, and all but blind—
Once her locks were soft and golden,
Fairer scarce you'd find.

She had reared one only daughter,
Than her mother comelier still,
Restless as the rippling water
Of a mountain rill.

As the summer swallow tameless,
Wilful as the morning breeze
That repasses, free and nameless,
Rustling through the trees.

But this daughter fled one morning
From her childhood's home away.
After years there came a warning
To the dame, to say;

That her child lay weak and dying,
With a sin so grievously
On her weary spirit lying,
That she could not die—

Could not die until her mother
Came to kiss her and forgive:
Could she but behold one other,
Haply she might live.

But he came not, and in sorrow
She a feeble infant bore:
And her soul passed, ere the morrow,
To the eternal shore.

On the bleak hill-side they laid her,
Where no Christian e'er was laid:
In a shroud of black arrayed her:
Not a prayer was said.

Not a word of hope was spoken
As the mourners turned away;
There they left her in her oaken
Coffin, clay to clay.

Silently they all departed:
Not a tear the mother shed,
Yet looked aged and broken-hearted
As she bowed her head—

Bowed her head, and homeward turning,
Took the babe her daughter bore—
Words of earthly comfort spurning,
Secretly she swore,

Swore all good for ill to render,
And fulfil a mother's part
Towards the infant, frail and tender,
Lying next her heart.

And she kept her promise, bending
O'er the babe upon her knee,
Until love, with duty blending,
Gained the victory.

Ay, she kept her promise truly,
While the child to manhood grew,
All her love returning duly,
Gentle, brave, and true.

Gentle, brave, in love with learning,
He, the handsome, thoughtful boy
Good in everything discerning,
Good without alloy,

Painted in the future visions
Where he played a noble part,
Healing all the world's divisions—
Gentle, trustful heart!

Of the present not forgetful,
Mindful too of others' woes,
Gazing without thought regretful
At each evening's close;

Yet for ever, waking, sleeping,
One engrossing thought was e'er
In his bosom centred, keeping
Sovereign regence there.

Ever urging him, directing
Onward to his hapless fate,
Till the dame, the truth suspecting,
Heard it, all too late.

How he loved the Lady Mary—
Childish playmates they had been,
In the castle—*Miserere!*
On the village green.

Ay, she listened, mute with sorrow,
As the stripling told his tale,
Prating of "the glad to-morrow"—
What could *it* avail?

Then she told him, told him sighing,
That such dreams could never be;
Weeping, wished she saw him dying—
"Dying, thee and me."

Told him how that noble maiden
Was his father's destined bride:
How his mother, anguish-laden,
Once had sinned and died.

Told him—till the youth, despairing,
From his home for ever fled;
Fled for ever, little caring
Where he laid his head.

For many months there came no tiding
To the hapeless grand-dame, who
Meekly wept, the end abiding,
To her promise true.

Lady Mary, tall and stately,
Wondered much to find him gone,
But she bore herself sedately,
Questions asked she none.

None might guess the tempest raging
In her breast: none ever knew
All the thoughts her heart engaging—
She had loved him too.

When 'twas known that nobly, bravely,
For his King he fought and died,
Still she heard the tidings gravely,
Heart-entrenched in pride.

None e'er told her of his passion
None why he had fled away;
None may tell her, in compassion,
To her dying day.

Prouder grew she, and more stately,
Sterner, harsher, than of yore:
All who knew her wondered greatly,
Wondered more and more.

The mighty impulse little guessing
That still brought her, day by day,
To the cot, where in distressing
Pain, the widow lay.

For she dearly loved to listen
As the dame of "Hubert" told;
Oft with tears her eyes would glisten,
Yet they deemed her cold!

But no heart's so cased in armour
Of thrice-hardened steel-like pride,
But it surely has some warm, or
Tender spot inside.

W. T. GREENE, M.A.

PERSONALITIES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

XI.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY.

Mr. Hardy has not been long in following his chief to the more serene and august atmosphere of the Upper House, and he now sits beside him as Secretary for India, under his new title of Viscount Cranbrook. Although no politician has more fairly earned his peerage than Mr. Hardy, and though it was an honour he might justly have claimed sooner or later, there can be little doubt that his sudden exaltation was owing to the late political exigencies which compelled Lord Beaconsfield to reconstruct his Cabinet. The Marquis of Salisbury having succeeded to Lord Derby's post of Foreign Secretary, it followed almost as a natural consequence that Mr. Hardy should undertake the important and responsible task of the administration of India. At the same time, it was advisable that the Secretary of State should have a seat in the Upper House, the Under Secretary being already in the Lower. So the House of Commons has had to part with Mr. Hardy, and in so doing, it has bade adieu to a highly popular personage, an admirable administrator, a most able debater, and one of its most eloquent and agreeable speakers. In debate, particularly, Mr. Hardy was a tower of strength on the Treasury bench. He possessed all that indispensable readiness which could seize upon the weak points of an opponent's argument, and expose a whole series of fallacies, arrayed in a garb of glittering and imposing rhetoric. He was equally formidable in defence as in attack; and his extra-Parliamentary utterances—which, when such efforts proceed from a Cabinet Minister, must of necessity be carefully weighed—were just as judicious as happy. His vindication of the Government policy, which he lately made at Bradford, was acknowledged, not only by his own countrymen, but also by the highest authorities in the Foreign press, to be powerful, complete, and temperate:

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full."

Mr. Bright's peevish declaration that the speech was "boisterous, reckless and illogical" would only seem to show that its flavour was stronger than the right honourable gentleman and his friends could relish. Mr. Hardy, we believe, never sat in Parliament for any other constituency than the University of Oxford, in the representation of which he supplanted Mr. Gladstone. Many of the Liberal organs were loud in their expressions of disgust at the event. "Choose Mr. Gathorne Hardy in preference to Mr. Gladstone!" they cried. "What atrocious taste! Put the greatest orator of the day on the shelf, and take down Mr. Hardy! A pretty pitch things are coming to! Who is Mr. Hardy?"

In the result it turned out that there was not the slightest need for any of this journalistic fluster, for the newly-elected member very soon showed that he was no nonentity, nor even a mediocrity; and venerable Oxford found, to her satisfaction, that she had not only not disgraced herself, but had made a selection which in every way proved an ornament to her. It was fated, subsequently, that Mr. Hardy should constantly encounter his rival in the arena of the House of Commons, and not unfrequently give him an awkward fall. When Lord Derby's Cabinet was formed in 1866, Mr. Hardy was appointed President of the Poor Law Board; but shortly afterwards, on the resignation of Mr. Walpole, he was promoted to the more considerable office of Home Secretary. In both these capacities he proved himself a wise and efficient administrator; and in his later post of War Minister, he has gilded rather than tarnished his official reputation. During the fulfilment of his various administrative functions, we cannot recollect a single popular outcry against him as having committed a blunder or an indiscretion. In the House of Commons itself he has always given equal satisfaction. His frank address and robust bearing in debate have, from the first, commanded the approval of the House, and his courtesy and heartiness of manner, coupled with a singular ingenuousness of character, have long ago made him a popular personality. In speaking, Mr. Hardy is wonderfully fluent and rapid; he never hesitates for a word, but runs his course with harmonious felicity. His arguments are usually marshalled with great clearness, and put forward with much cogency and real eloquence; but, at the same time, he can scarcely be pronounced an orator of the first water. In controversy he is always healthily practical, and never stoops to the meanness of academical casuistry—a vice to which Mr. Gladstone is prone, and of which Mr. Lowe is the slave. There is one thing very noticeable about Mr. Hardy, he somehow always *looks* the statesman. Many politicians strike one as business-like, energetic, lawyer-like, and so forth; but a certain subdued grandeur in the port, a certain thoughtful dignity in the expression of the face of the late War Minister, which are quite removed from anything pompous or affected, seem to warrant the truth of the loftier characteristic we have indicated. Mr. Hardy's articulation is clear and agreeable, and the tones of his voice are full and smooth, though not what we would call *rounded with passion*. We have never seen him rise to the great heights of oratorical indignation; but in replying to Mr. Gladstone in the Ewlme debate, we saw him very sincerely angry, though he chose rather to give vent to his justifiable fury in eloquent reproach than in stormful invective. We are quite sure that in removng to the sublimer abode of the hereditary chamber Lord Cranbrook will continue to sustain, if not to increase, the political reputation of Mr. Gathorne Hardy.

XII.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

At the present moment the House of Commons teems with lawyers. Great is the company of authentic "gentlemen of the long robe;" and numerous also are the specimens of that inferior animal—the solicitor There are, of course, lawyers and lawyers. There are lawyers who never get on their legs except to make manifest to the meanest intelligence to what craft they belong; to lead the expectant listener by more or less toilsome and intricate paths into the dismal and unknown region of Nisi Prius. But, on the other hand, there have been lawyers who have soared above the dim and dingy atmosphere of the forum to breathe "an ampler ether, a diviner air;" who have shown themselves eminent statesmen and dazzling orators—at the very least, brilliant parlimentary advocates. Such were Brougham and Lyndhurst, Scarlet and Follett, Cockburn and Fitzroy Kelly, Whiteside and Cairns. There were giants in those days; but, for the time being, men of ordinary stature seem to have succeeded to the sons of Anak. Both the Treasury and the Opposition benches number among their occupants, able and painstaking lawyers, like the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Sir Henry James, all of whom are likewise strong in debate and clear in speech; but, at the same time, on none of these learned gentlemen does the mantle of any one of their illustrious predecessors seem to have fallen. No one, however, who has been in the habit of attending the debates of the House of Commons, could have failed to remark that Sir William Harcourt, at any rate, would fain be recognised and accepted as something infinitely superior to the mere legal luminary. He is quite conscious that he is an authority on questions of International and Constitutional Law, and he is never backward in giving an opinion or advice when such questions arise; but nevertheless he constantly flies at higher game, and clearly wishes that the lawyer should be forgotten, and that he should be numbered amongst the statesmen and orators of the House.

The learned member for Oxford is one of the tallest men in the House of Commons; and if height, a generally large and stately presence, and a bearing considerably self-sufficient, and which sometimes suggests pomposity, were the only qualifications requisite to enrol a man among the *Di majores*, Sir William Harcourt would at once be admitted to the blissful seats. But, perhaps, something more is needed. He who would persuade others that he possesses the mind of a statesman must indicate it by the views he takes of questions of Imperial interest and magnitude. Surely there has never been a more crucial question of the kind than what it is customary to style the Eastern Question? Towards the end of the session of 1876, on the last night which saw Mr. Disraeli a member of the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt delivered a long, carefully-prepared, and what was intended to be a very moving speech on the great topic of the day. Mr.

Disraeli followed, and almost the first thing he did was sarcastically to comment on the wonderful views of the learned gentleman "who, of course, looked forward to being ranked among the Liberal statesmen of the future." "The great question of the hour," said Mr. Disraeli, "can never be treated in the way that the honourable gentleman and his friends would have us treat it, unless, indeed, we resolve ourselves into one of those revolutionary committees which can settle everything." It must be confessed that the taunt was deserved. We ourselves listened to the speech in question, and so far from being characterised by statesman-like breadth and impartiality, it seemed, to us, simply, on the one hand, a wild and uncompromising tirade against the "unspeakable Turk;" and, on the other hand, a lachrymose effusion of sentimentalism over the sorrows of Bulgaria; while, at the same time, the cooker of the dish had not been altogether able to keep his hands off the legal pepper-box. Apart from its views, however, the speech was poor as an oratorical performance, though it was clear the orator had done his utmost to conceive it in a vein of the loftiest eloquence. His elaborate description of the Turk spreading desolation and misery, wherever his impure hoof happened to tread was not really passionate nor even picturesque, but only flowery. His invective against the crimes and follies of the Government was meant to be terrible, but was only wearisome, and a certain lack of imagination in the selection of vituperative language was apparent in the "damnable iteration" of the phrase—"political and diplomatic incapacity of Her Majesty's Government."

When Sir William Harcourt dons his full regimentals, and buckles on his sword for one of these oratorical field-days, his manner of rising in his place always appears to be charged with tremendous import. His whole air, one might fancy, was meant to announce that the orator was a second Herod, and that the assembled Commons were about to listen to "the voice of a god, and not of a man." His voice has about it a sonorousness commensurate with the physical magnitude of the speaker, and as it proceeds to declaim, in tones of awful solemnity that suggestion of a supernatural presence gains an additional emphasis. But the actual effect of such orations scarcely corresponds to the intended. The hollowness and unreality are too transparent. That laboured solemnity of voice does not impress—those thrills of artificial emotion do not move. The whole thing smacks too much of that forensic trickery which may beguile unsophisticated jurymen, but which can hardly impose on an experienced assemblage of legislators. Nevertheless, it must be owned that these efforts to cast occasionally the slough of the stereotyped lawyer, though not always successful, are in the highest degree creditable. That which tends to free the mind from the mere professional groove, must always be a tendency in the right direction.

When Sir William Harcourt does not come forth in full oratorical court-dress, he is fond of assuming an easy and jocular character, and the House is then enlivened by badinage and jests which, however, are

sometimes a little ponderous, and almost suggest the elephant trying to gambol like the gazelle. This friskiness, if nothing else, is, at any rate, always good-humoured, and the learned member for Oxford is certainly not in bad favour with the House. Of all the actually practising lawyers—and there are many members who have long ago merged the lawyer in the politician—which the House of Commons at present contains, Sir William Harcourt has probably the most defined personality; and, therefore, we have thought that he might most appropriately be chosen as the representative specimen of the species.

XII

MR. W. H. SMITH.

THE career of the present First Lord of the Admiralty is certainly not an illustration of Dr. Johnson's melancholy line—

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed."

We should imagine that, if Mr. W. H. Smith be oppressed at all, it must be by an *embarras de richesses*, rather than by a scantiness of them. His worth all will admit; and, we suppose, it will be equally allowed that his merit was of that kind which, if it was given a fair opportunity, could scarcely avoid rising. As a matter of fact, so far as Mr. Smith's political history is concerned, that opportunity was afforded at the dissolution of Parliament, in 1868, when he was returned for the important constituency of Westminster. There is nothing uncomplimentary in saying that, if Mr. Smith's worth had at that period been oppressed by poverty, it might not have succeeded in obtaining the same vantage-ground for rising that it did. During the election to which we have referred, Mr. Smith was by far the most popular candidate, though he had pitted against him the late Mr. John Stuart Mill, the prestige of whose literary and philosophical character was, of course, greatly in his favour, and who, moreover, had been previously elected for Westminster free of expense.

Mr. Smith was known to be the worthy and industrious son of one of that commercial band who are usually styled "self-made men;" a class of individuals who, by their persevering energy and great business capacities, have contributed no small share to the character and material prosperity of their country. It may be said with perfect truth that, once in the House of Commons, the new M.P. for Westminster soon became as popular there as he was with his constituency. He was just the sort of man to gain the ear and the favour of the House at the very first blush, not by any exhibition of brilliant talents, but by his direct and business-like method of handling the subjects which he took in hand, and by the practical tact which he showed in the choice of those subjects. He was not the "transcendental man of business," like Clough, but the man of business *pur et simple*, with a fine, clear, and fearless way of telling the House what, on a certain point, he wanted to see done, and how he thought it ought to be done. At the same time, Mr. W. Smith was no crotchet-monger, nor hobbyist, nor

doctrinaire. His aims were invariably practical, and usually attainable. On one occasion, we know, he had the fortune to inflict a defeat on the Gladstone Government, and to wrench from them an unwilling concession on a matter affecting the popular welfare upon the settlement of which he had set his heart. Considering that the enemy had a nominal majority of 120, this was no slight victory, and spoke volumes for the tact and ability of the man who gained it. Moreover, Mr. Smith's way of comporting himself was agreeable to the House. His manner was never pretentious, but was characterised by a pleasing modesty which argued solid abilities; and he never dogmatised, and never lectured. In a word, when Mr. Gladstone's dissolution of his Parliament came like a thunder-clap, and honourable members ran helter-skelter to their constituencies from all quarters of the wind, Mr. Smith's parliamentary reputation was irreversibly established, and he had become a distinct and favourite personality of the House. Mr. Disraeli, in the meantime, with his characteristic vigilance, must have had his eye on the member for Westminster, for in the list of the new ministry, Mr. Smith's name appeared as Financial Secretary to the Treasury. All parties, we believe, were at one in their approval of the excellence of this appointment. The ability which Mr. Smith displayed in the conduct of his department served only to confirm the sagacity of him who made the selection; and it was no surprise to any one tha', when Mr. Ward Hunt was untimely snatched away, Lord Beaconsfield should promote Mr. W. H. Smith to be First Lord of the of the Admiralty and a Cabinet Minister.

In this most important post Mr. Smith is obviously the round man in the round hole. He combines the necessary energy and business habits with that faculty of clear exposition which is fitted to make him an adequate representative of the Board in Parliament; and being possessed, at the same time, of a healthy breadth of mental vision, he is not likely ever to cherish pedantic notions about the navy.

Mr. Smith would be the first person to deprecate the title of a parliamentary orator being attached to him; but there can be no doubt that he is a highly forcibly and agreeable speaker. His genial English face, and his sturdy energetic figure, always suggest the idea of a man who, above all things, loves promptitude and despatch in the conduct of business; and, as his speaking is usually characterised by conciseness, we presume he loves despatch in that also. If so, it is a quality to be commended, for terseness of language is "as excellent a thing" in a business-man as "a voice ever low, gentle, and sweet" is in woman. It is to be hoped that Mr. Smith's worth may rise to greater heights yet; and he is to be congratulated on the fact that, at any rate, its advancement has never been impeded by that dreary oppression of poverty which the great moralist so pathetically lamented In the rapid elevation which Mr. W. H Smith has attained, Lord Beaconsfield has paid an honourable tribute to the spirit of self-help and enlightened ambition which pervades the higher section of the representatives of the commercial energy of England.

MOTLEY.

MAUD LINDEN'S LOVERS.

BY GEORGE W. GARRETT,

Author of "The Belle of Belgravia," "Squire Harrington's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SIR JASPER ACTS.

THERE were not many people of position or in any way noteworthy in London who were not known—at least, by sight—to Mr. Styles. Accordingly, when on the evening he started upon his second expedition into Kent, he was lounging in London Bridge Station, and waiting for the Dover evening mail, he at once recognised the tall, middle-aged gentleman who was inquiring for the Croydon train as no other than Sir Jasper Estcourt.

Mr. Styles was ever chatty and disposed to be communicative, so far, at least, as was compatible with professional discretion, which the little gentleman would not have transgressed for the world. He was talking to an old lady in spectacles and large coal-scuttle-bonnet, and sympathising with her upon alarming attacks of asthma with which she was chronically afflicted.

"I should strongly advise you, madam," he observed, "to smoke stromonium, which I have understood is an excellent remedy for the complaint."

"To smoke, sir! Bless the man, do you take me for a kitchin' chimney?" exclaimed the old lady, indignantly holding up her hands.

Mr. Styles was about to explain, when at this moment he recognised Sir Jasper Estcourt upon the platform.

He pointed out the baronet to the old lady, mentioning him by name.

"That tall gentleman! Bless my heart, is he a baronet?" said the old lady, whispering with awe as she inspected Sir Jasper through her spectacles minutely. "Dear me! dear me! He is exactly like the curate of our church! And who, sir, pray, is that other fine-looking gentleman in the cloak who is following him?"

Mr. Styles glanced in the direction indicated. He was startled. He rose from his seat and crossed the platform, in order that he might meet "the other fine-looking gentleman" face to face. When he returned to his asthmatical companion, he seemed quite scared.

"Unless I am mistaken," he replied, in a whisper full of awe, "that other gentleman *is Sergeant Harrison of the Detective Police!*"

Just then the warning bell was rung. Bustle and confusion reigned supreme upon the platform. Porters shouted and trundled trucks with frantic energy to the danger of everybody's shins; old ladies got into the wrong train and had to get out again; and a Conservative old gentleman in a first-class carriage was red with rage, because he had bought an *Evening Standard*, and the boy had given him the morning's *Daily News*.

Sir Jasper Estcourt entered a first-class carriage which was empty. He purchased the *Times* and lit a cigar.

As the train was on the point of starting, the tall stranger entered the next compartment to Sir Jasper's, and took a seat next to the door.

Mr. Styles wondered at all this, but soon afterwards he had to think about his own train, which started from the other side of the platform: and this drove the facts, for the time, from his mind.

Meanwhile, Sir Jasper Estcourt proceeded to Croydon, at which station he alighted; Serjeant Harrison—for the stranger was, indeed, that celebrated officer of the Metropolitan Detective Police—alighting also, in the most *nonchalent* and leisurely manner in the world.

Sir Jasper proceeded from the station on foot. Serjeant Harrison, from whom an account of these proceedings was subsequently derived by the present historian, followed him, at such a distance, that while he always kept the baronet in view, he was himself unseen.

In this way more than two miles of country road was traversed, and as dusk was now closing in, the detective had some difficulty in the pursuit. Sir Jasper appeared to be somewhat strange in that part of the world, and was constrained to stop two or three times to inquire the way of a passing wayfarer.

He turned out of the main road, which was locally called the London Road, and traversed with quick steps a winding lane, with ditches and horse chestnut-trees on either side, with outlying fields stretching as far as the eye could reach, but with few houses. A quarter of a mile of potatoe fields, merging in a meadow in which two horses were grazing; then a low-roofed farm, with the smoke curling lazily from the chimneys,—another break of fields—a small tavern with a large sign-board representing the "Rising Sun;" two Irish labourers, half drunk, and a frolicsome terrier running between their legs; then a few cottages, with the doors open, women sitting on the doorsteps, their bed-rooms and parlours

being obviously the same; the moon rising over a hill that was created by a windmill on the right, then more open fields. Such was the panorama through which they passed.

Once it appeared to strike the baronet that he was being followed. He halted and allowed the tall stranger to pass him on the road. The tall stranger passed him, humming a tune, his eyes looking straight before him, and not seeming to notice tha the other had stopped.

Then Sir Jasper seemed reassured. The stranger was evidently some City merchant on his way home, enjoying the fresh air of the country after the labours of the day. So he hastened his steps again, overtook the stranger, and coughed.

The stranger turned. Sir Jasper took off his hat and bowed.

"Can you, sir, kindly direct me to the Lower Marsh Asylum?" ne inquired, in his blandest tones.

The stranger passed the palm of his hand across his chin, and seemed to reflect.

"Dr. Jowell's establishment, do you mean, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes, Dr. Jowell is the proprietor, I believe."

"I am going past there; it is in this lane, and I shall be happy to point it out to you."

Sir Jasper expressed his obligations, and walked by the stranger's side. They conversed briefly about the weather, the country, and the loneliness of the spot.

A huge red-brick building, enveloped in the thick foliage of trees, rose up in forbidding gloom as they approached. It was surrounded by a lofty wall, and the windows were all protected by thick iron bars.

"That is the Asylum," the stranger said. "It looks a dismal place."

Sir Jasper eagerly scanned the building, and a smile of satisfaction lit up his face.

"It looks a safe place, at all events," he said.

"Safe enough for the poor wretches within its walls!"

"I should imagine, sir, that a lunatic once there would find it rather difficult to escape,—the walls are high, the windows barred, and the country desolate. Yes, I should fancy he would find it a difficult matter to escape."

"As easy to escape as from the grave! Ah! what is that?"

The stranger had started back and thrust his right hand into the breast of his coat, as if to seize some weapon he had concealed there.

"I merely laughed; that was all," replied Sir Jasper, who had indulged in the extraordinary chuckle that was so peculiar to himself.

"Oh, I beg your pardon if that was merely a laugh," replied the tall stranger, somewhat angrily, but withdrawing his hand from his breast. "Here, however, is the house, and there is the gate: so, sir, I will now wish you good night."

Bowing and thanking the gentleman for his politeness, Sir Jasper rang the bell at the gateway, and his companion passed on his way.

The loud clang of the bell had died away when the sound of footsteps and rattling keys approached.

Sir Jasper asked for Dr. Jowell and presented his card. The man glanced at the name, and conducted the visitor, with much respect, into the house. He was taken into a small room where a moderator lamp was burning, and where he was presently joined by Dr. Jowell himself.

Dr. Jowell was a huge, burly man, about fifty years of age, with thick beetling eye-brows, and a heavy unintelligent face. His title to "Dr." would perhaps have scarcely borne investigation, nor did he venture to lay claim to it in any formal way.

He and Sir Jasper appeared to know and understand each other perfectly well.

"I have a patient for you, Doctor," Sir Jasper said.

"A troublesome one, Sir Jasper."

"Troublesome to *me*, Doctor; but I dare say you will see that I am troubled no more, when once your patient is within these walls. *You will be well paid for your charge.*

"Then, Sir Jasper," replied Dr. Jowell, rubbing his hands, "you may depend we will take every care of the poor thing! Lunatic, I suppose?"

"Decidedly so; or else right down mad," replied Sir Jasper, with a smile.

"Well, sir, we must get two medical certificates, you know; but I can manage all that. Where is the patient now."

"At Brooklands."

"Good! I presume, Sir Jasper, I had better bring two gentlemen to see the poor creature there."

"Certainly, Doctor. I leave all arrangements in your hands; but I want the patient removed from my house at the very earliest possible date."

"Well, let me see," replied Dr. Jowell, referring to a note-book in his hand; "I shall be compelled to be at Westminster to-morrow, and probably for the next two days. I have to give professional evidence in a lunacy case. It will be safer, Sir Jasper, to leave it, if possible, till my return, in order that I may make all arrangements myself."

"Oh, that will do quite well."

"Then, on Monday, with my two medical friends, Sir Jasper, you may expect to see me at your place. It will be the evening most likely. Those little arrangements are best carried out in the evening, you know. There is one question more, Sir Jasper, and that is, what amount will my patient pay?"

"I will pay you two hundred pounds a year, Doctor, as long as your patient is alive and safely in your charge."

"And, what will you pay, Sir Jasper," added the keeper in a whisper, and with a hideous leer, "if the patient dies?"

Sir Jasper turned pale, and he clutched the back of a chair.

"No, no," he said hoarsely; "I cannot say anything to you about that."

"Very well, Sir Jasper, until Monday, then, I will say *au revoir!*"

. . . . . .

The particulars of this interview were not disclosed at the time, but were gleaned afterwards, when Dr. Jowell, like the money-lender Moss, had some compulsion put upon him to elucidate the truth.

So Sir Jasper had been warned He had acted upon the warning, and imagined he was prepared!

Fool! he had mistaken the import that warning conveyed!

CHAPTER XL.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

THE task undertaken by Mr. Styles was a difficult one; or, at least, involved a vast amount of patience and undaunted perseverance. His intention was to search the parish registers of all the churches in Kent, until he had discovered the registration of Mary Godwin's marriage, or satisfied himself that the record of such marriage was not to be found by reason of the marriage itself never having taken place.

He started with the first church outside Dover, leaving the search within the town itself to be undertaken by Arthur Beresford, when the latter should arrive three days later, in case he, Mr. Styles, should be unsuccessful in the meantime.

Mr. Styles had provided himself with a map, and had copied from a Kentish Directory a list of towns, parishes, and villages, and early upon the morning of his arrival he started upon his research as systematically as the circumstances would permit.

The various parish clerks and other rural dignities, whom the little gentleman consulted and disturbed, no doubt considered him a person of great importance, and each and all were solicitous to

assist him in his investigation, which, indeed, Mr. Styles, by his grand airs and bombastic demeanour, led them to imagine was a matter of almost national significance.

He did not entirely trust to his map and list of names, as he discovered, after a little experience, that sometimes, perhaps, the same parish would possess two churches; and occasionally there would be some little out-of-the-way village that boasted of a church, or a chapel-of-ease, which would have been overlooked altogether. Consequently, at every church he came to he diligently inquired as to the places of worship which were nearest; and, having obtained such information, posted off thither, making a supplementary memorandum on his list.

"At this rate," Mr. Styles reflected after his first morning's exploits, "instead of being three days, I am likely to be three months; and on Saturday I am bound to be back at Dover, in order to keep my appointment with Mr. Beresford."

This reflection—albeit, Mr. Styles permitted himself to make it with all the feelings of an injured and overworked man—did not really cause him serious uneasiness, as he bethought himself that, if he were three months in the investigation, there was no reason why that investigation should not be concluded *after* his appointment with Mr. Beresford; and that, upon the whole, he would certainly prefer to spend three months of his existence in such a pursuit amidst the Kentish hills, to a similar period among the Law Courts of Westminster, or his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

One difficulty that rather annoyed him was the indefiniteness of his task. If the marriage had really taken place, he was aware it must have been sometime toward the end of 1850, or, at latest, in the beginning of 1851. But then, supposing Sir Jasper had, as he conjectured, married Mary Godwin, would he really have done so in his own or in an assumed name? Granting the truth of the hypothesis upon which the whole of his investigation was based, it was highly improbable that Sir Jasper would have used his real name. Then, if that were so, it was only the name of the girl herself that he could expect to find in order to identify that marriage. Here again was a difficulty. If Sir Jasper was anxious to conceal that marriage, might he not only have an assumed name for *himself*, but have induced Mary to have given an assumed name also.

In answering this latter question, however, Mr. Styles felt more confidence and satisfaction. Mary Godwin was both an educated and intelligent girl; and, if such a proposal had been made to her, in all probability her virtue would have been alarmed, and she would have repelled such a suspicious suggestion with scorn.

Doubtless, if Mary Godwin had married Sir Jasper, *she would have married him in her own proper name!*

The first day was occupied in searching the archives of some eight or ten churches, so that it is apparent Mr. Styles had been industrious and energetic. But his industry had been productive of no success; and at the end of his day's labours the only consolation he could give himself was that he had now so many fewer registers to search.

The next day Mr. Styles traversed a more northern district, which took in the quaint old church of Binster, and brought him even to St. Lawrence and the numerous churches in Ramsgate. He worked as energetically as before, but discovered before sunset that this district would alone occupy him fully two days. And this was the only discovery he made—a discovery by no means satisfactory to the progress of this story.

He urged that it was unlikely the supposed marriage would have taken place anywhere in the immediate vicinity of Dover itself, because the old hostler had distinctly stated that the supposed wedding party drove from the "Kentish Arms," and were absent for several hours. Assuming therefore, that they went direct to the church, whichever it might be, to perform the ceremony, and then drove back directly to the inn, that church must obviously be situated ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles from Dover, at the very least. Ramsgate he found by measuring his map was about fifteen miles, as the crow flies, from Dover, and so he resolved that the third as well as the second day should be spent in searching all the parish registries in that place.

He slept the second night in Ramsgate, and as, after the unsuccessful toils of the day, he rambled along the cliffs in the cool of the evening, and watched the lighthouse in the harbour, and the two lights on the Goodwin Sands—so plainly visible from there, the little gentleman grew quite nervous, and almost expected some stranger to clap him upon the shoulder and spirit him away, as he had heard had happened years ago to Dr. Lee, on just such a night, near Dover.

The third day's exploration, which was confined exclusively to Ramsgate and its immediate vicinity, was equally unsuccessful with the first two. Mr. Styles had now actually searched nearly thirty parish registers, but had not been able to discover a marriage that could by any possibility be the one he sought.

On the evening of the next day—the Saturday—he had promised to be back at Dover to meet Arthur Beresford, and to assist that gentleman in making an attempt at a discovery of an altogether different kind. So on the Friday night, which he still passed at Ramsgate, the little man laid his head upon the pillow, much discomfited at heart, and altogether disappointed.

By nature, however, he was sanguine and hopeful; and when he rose from his slumbers refreshed, reflecting that the whole of the day until the evening was his own, he undoubtedly resolved to turn the intervening hours to account.

Having despatched his breakfast and settled his hotel bill, bestowing a princely guerdon on the obsequious domestics who had attended him—with the prince-like reflection that his generosity would cost him personally nothing—he started from Ramsgate on foot. He struck out a course due south, intending to walk to Dover, passing through Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, and St. Margaret's, on the way.

It was a sultry August morning when he started, and as Mr. Styles was burdened with carrying his travelling bag, which, as he was a little man, was, according to the natural order of things, very large, he had the prospect before him of a fatiguing day.

He stepped out boldly, however, cheering his mind by gaily humming a song, the burden of which was, that great things might always be accomplished by resolutely "putting your shoulder to the wheel."

He strode along the cliff, round by Pegwell Bay, where, being low tide, the fishermen were busily engaged in shrimping; across the River Stour, by the ruins of Richboro' Castle, and so on till he arrived at the ancient Cinque Port of Sandwich.

Here were so many churches that his time was fully occupied for some hours in visiting them all. A period was also taken up at an inn, where he halted for lunch; so that it was in the middle of the afternoon ere he finally quitted the ancient borough.

It was now quite apparent to him that if he had any intention of reaching Dover that night on foot, it would be utterly impossible that he should linger at Deal to carry out his investigations through that town.

He was travelling now along the main road; and beginning to feel rather tired, he begged a man, who was driving a tradesman's cart that overtook him, to give him a lift. This request was willingly complied with; and in this way was traversed the intervening distance between there and Deal. The cart was, however, going no farther than the southern extremity of the town; and when it stopped, giving the man a small gratuity, Mr. Styles alighted, and again pursued his journey on foot.

Passing through Walmer, he arrived at a mile-stone, which indicated that he had now seven more miles to walk ere he reached his journey's end.

Looking at his watch, he perceived it was past six o'clock, and the sun was already crowning with a golden halo the purple hills, which lay off to the right.

Mr. Styles had purchased a biscuit as he passed through Deal, and feeling both tired and hungry, he sat composedly upon a mossy bank by the road-side, to eat and rest.

Facing him, and in the distance, stretched the grand old sea, dotted with the golden sails of ships that were passing through the Downs, and fringed by the white line of cliff that curled round by Pegwell Bay.

At his back were a range of lovely hills, along the undulating slopes of which was a thick wood, that emerged into an open heath, and presenting unnumerable shades of green. Here was a village with a tiny white house, peeping now and again from between the trees; there a corn field with the corn half cut in one place, and the sheaves gathered in clusters in another, the bright red poppies contrasting gaily with the sober brown.

All was silent save the distant moaning of the sea and its hushed roar, as it fell upon the shingle and burst into foam. Presently, afar off, sounded the scream of a railway-engine, and then, a mile inland, amidst the undulating lands, now peeping out, now lost to view, like a huge winding snake, went the white steam of some passing train.

Mr. Styles had nearly finished munching his biscuit, and was beginning to contemplate the necessity of again pushing on in his career, when he fancied he could hear in the distance the broken jingle of a peal of bells. He listened intently. No! it must have been fancy, perhaps! Just as he had settled it to his satisfaction that it *was* fancy, a favourable breeze wafted again the musical cadences to his ear.

He jumped up, stuffed the remainder of his biscuit into his pocket, and eagerly looked around. He endeavoured to ascertain from which direction the sounds appeared to come, and presently he perceived, at the foot of the distant hills, and peeping from amidst a thick cluster of trees, the tapering spire of some unknown village church. From this little church he entertained no doubt that the sounds of the pealing bells proceeded.

"That is odd!" said the little man, referring to his map and list, "I was not aware of any church being out there. Very remarkable that I haven't got it entered on my list, to be sure!"

Now, as Mr. Styles mused and turned the matter over in his mind, he had a sort of premonition that this unknown church might, perhaps, be the very one he wanted, which urged him, tired as he was, to push his steps towards it, so that the chance of success might not be lost.

"It looks a horrible long way off, too!" he said to himself, making a wry face, as he reflected how blistered and tired his poor feet would be by the time he reached Dover that night.

Now, even as it is recorded that in olden times a certain beggar boy, resting on a mile-stone on the Highgate Road, heard the ancient bells of St. Mary-le-Bow Church, in Cheapside, call upon him to retrace his steps to the metropolis, seeming to say, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London;" so did the bells of that unknown church seem to call upon Mr. Styles to come over the intervening fields and meadows and see what success he would have in searching, beneath the sounds of their clanging tongues, for the record of the marriage of Mary Godwin.

"Shall I go, or shall I not?" the gentleman finally asked himself. "Well, this shall settle it—heads I go, tails I don't."

So saying he spun a shilling in the air. It fell to the ground, and he stooped over it. The portrait of his late Majesty, King George the Fourth, was uppermost.

"Then I must go, I suppose," he said, groaning. "Oh, my poor feet!"

Following the first road that appeared to lead in the direction, Mr. Styles jogged manfully onwards. His course was guided by the sound of the bells, which gradually grew more distinct as he approached them.

The road was down hill, for the church was apparently situated in a valley. In the course of less than half-an-hour our traveller had the satisfaction of reaching the churchyard.

"What is the name of this church, my dear?" he inquired of a little village maiden.

"Dunno, sir," replied the child astonished, and sucking her thumb.

"Dunno, is it, my dear? Well, that is rather a curious name or a church, certainly," returned Mr. Styles, benignently patting the little rustic's cheek, and presenting her with a penny. "Do you know, my dear, what they are ringing the bells for to-night?"

"They be practising, sir," replied the maiden, curtseying and departing with her gift, and looking, moreover, afraid that perhaps the nice little gentleman, who had given it her, might take it away again.

He found the gate of the churchyard open. He was about to enter, when he met a short, fat man, in a brown coat, with a bunch of keys in his hand, just coming out.

He made known to this personage his desire to consult the registrar of marriages at Dunno Church, and apologised for the lateness of the hour at which he had preferred the request.

"Well, sir," replied the fat man, politely, "it is rather late to turn over the books, certainly; but if it is urgent——"

"It is most urgent, my dear sir, or I would not trouble you

at such an unseasonable time; but allow me to say, that I shall be happy to make some little extra remuneration for the inconvenience I cause. May I inquire if this is the *parish* of Dunno?"

The little fat man laughed.

"No, sir," he replied, panting in his hilarity; "this is not the parish of Dunno, nor am I aware that there is such a parish in existence."

"Why, the little girl of whom I inquired, certainly informed me such was the name of this church!" returned Mr. Styles, surprised.

"I presume, sir, you asked her the name, and she replied, 'Dunno, sir,' or something of the sort, which is the local manner in these parts of saying 'Don't know,'—and very probably the little girl *didn't* know, sir," added the fat man, laughing; "for, to speak the truth, our children are not remarkable for their intelligence."

"Dear me, what a remarkable mistake!" returned Mr. Styles, resolving, next time he came into these parts, to provide himself with a dictionary of the *patois*. What, then, *is* the name of the church?"

"The church, sir, is called 'St. Ethelburga-by-the-Sea,'" and the village is Grayhurst. But if, sir, you will have the goodness to follow me, I shall be happy to assist you in your search."

Mr. Styles obeyed; and after entering the vestry-room and much unlocking of doors that were rarely opened with jangling rusty keys that were rarely used, the archives were produced, showing the marriages—there were only six of them altogether, that had taken place at St. Ethelburga during the years 1851 and 1852.

It was with a feeling of keen disappointment that Mr. Styles was constrained to conclude that Mary Godwin's marriage was not one of them.

The search fee was paid, and also the promised extra remuneration, and bidding the grateful little fat man "Good-night," Mr. Styles wandered into the churchyard, to rest himself once more, and to listen for a few minutes to the "firing of the bells."

Mr. Styles blew his nose discontentedly; selected a convenient gravestone, raised his coat-tails carefully, and sat down.

"The one thing that has become clear to me now," mused the little man, "is, that you can't put your trust in bells! Dick Whittington believed 'em. He obeyed them, and 'turned again,' according to their instructions. *I* believed 'em, and what have I got for my pains? A pair of feet that I hardly know how to lift from the ground, and a pair of legs that will ache to-morrow as if

I had the rheumatism. You hear bells ring as if they were mad with joy when a fellow gets married. They seem to promise him domestic bliss, and for the rest of his life, he experiences henpecked misery. They toll dismally when he dies; but he enjoys the first tranquil sleep that he has enjoyed since he entered upon the estate of wedlock without fear of being awakened by his wife scolding, or his children howling for their midnight pap. Verily, church bells have tongues, and they know well how to use them for purposes of lying. I for one, will never trust them more!"

Arriving at this philosophical conclusion, Mr. Styles again referred to his watch. It was now half-past seven o'clock; the day had gone, and the moon was sailing in a sea of effulgent light. He had no heart to enjoy the picturesqueness of the scene, though to an artist or a poet, it would have been studied with delight,—the artist would have studied it with his eyes—the poet with his *feelings*.

A quaint little church, with a tall thin spire, with grand mullioned windows, replete with mediæval English tracery—with a porch enveloped in clambering ivy that had grown in the progress of centuries over the whole of the side of the church and through the foliage of which flashed bright streams of silver as the light was reflected from the windows; an old churchyard, with grotesque tombstones that bore the names of extinct ancient Kentish families, and sheltered by the overhanging boughs of venerable trees; a silence broken every now and again by the villagers practising the chimes.

"I wonder," said Mr. Styles, "whether there is a railway station near this abominable village! How I'm to get to Dover to-night, I'm sure I don't know; I'm completely fagged out! As for this Mary-Godwin business, I'm getting sick of it, and that's the fact. Married! I daresay she was never married at all, and that she was no better than she should be. Very likely the story is bosh from beginning to end; perhaps she was neither married nor even born. At all events, before she bothered me like this, I wish she had been dead!"

Why did the angry little gentleman, as he uttered this wish, start up with an exclamation, as if the grave he was sitting upon was a serpent that had suddenly stung him from behind? Because upon that gravestone, he had read in the moonlight, these words: "*Sacred to the Memory of Mary Godwin*, died September 5th, 1851, in the twenty-third year of her age!"

CHAPTER XLI.

ARTHUR SAYS "GOOD-BYE."

How Mr. Styles succeeded in reaching Dover that night, he has always expressed himself as utterly at a loss to know. What with the excitement of his unexpected discovery and the bodily fatigues he had undergone during the day, he was completely overcome. He remembered and admitted that after leaving the churchyard of St. Ethelburga-by-the-Sea, he entered an inn in the village and obtained some stimulating refreshment, which enabled him to start afresh on his journey with exhilarated spirits, but which shortly afterwards, left him to proceed in a state of almost automatic unconsciousness. At all events, he remembered little or nothing after leaving the inn until he awoke next morning between the sheets of the "Kentish Arms," at Dover, at which hostelry it had been arranged he and Arthur Beresford were to make their rendezvous.

Mr. Styles had a vague sort of notion that he was jogging along the Dover-road, keeping up his courage by a song, and having the peculiar idea that he could get along famously if he ran, but that he would inevitably fall into a ditch if he walked or stood still, when a waggon with a load of hay overtook him. Further, he had a shadowy recollection that the rustic team knocked him down in the middle of the road, that the waggoner swore at him firstly, and secondly lifted him in his arms from the ground, and threw him like a sack upon the top of his load of hay into which the little gentleman sunk deeply, and was soon locked in the peaceful slumber which a hard day's toil can give to an easy and contented mind.

The remainder of his story was told by the honest waggoner who brought him to the inn, stating that he thought the gentleman had been taking a little too much and had stumbled under his horses' legs in the road, that he had accordingly given the gentleman a lift in his waggon, and that the said gentleman had found the hay so much to his liking that he was greatly disinclined to arouse himself from the position into which he had fallen, declaring that he was very comfortable and would prefer to remain there all night. The waggoner had, however, at length succeeded in ascertaining that failing the hay-cart, the gentleman would desire to sleep at the "Kentish Arms," along with some gentleman whose name the worthy countryman could not recollect, and that he had brought him to the "Kentish Arms" accordingly.

Fortunately, Arthur Beresford had already arrived at the inn, and he himself reaching there somewhat later than the hour

appointed, was somewhat surprised not to find Mr. Styles waiting to receive him. He was accordingly on the watch at the parlour window, when overhearing the altercation at the door, he went out and recognised his lagging friend. Perceiving the condition that gentleman was in, Mr. Beresford gave directions that he should be immediately brought inside and carried upstairs to bed.

Arthur had himself been the hero of an adventure that afternoon, which had somewhat detained him, and this was the cause of his own want of punctuality in presenting himself at the "Kentish Arms."

He had left London late in the morning, having a purpose in his mind, which he did not, however, deem it necessary to communicate either to Mr. Baxter or to any of his other friends.

This purpose was nothing else than to pay a flying visit to Hamley on his way to Dover, and to see Maud Linden, as he fully resolved, for the last time.

The question had obtruded itself upon his own good sense, *why* he should pay such a visit? *why* he should wish to see Maud once more, even if it were for the last time? What good could come of the interview, seeing that Maud was now—however it might once have been—irrevocably lost to him? Why should he harrow up his feelings by seeing that dear, sweet face which could never again smile on him, now that it was soon to be possessed by Sir Jasper Estcourt—the man, indeed, against whom he, Arthur Beresford, was plotting, and pitting himself as a bitter foe?

Yet he had gone. He said to himself that there could be no harm come of his seeing Maud once more ere she was lost to him for ever. He would say nothing to her that an honourable man need be ashamed to say. But he would call at that house, and tell Maud what was the truest sentiment of his heart, that, marry whom she might, he wished her happiness, and that for her happiness he would freely forget his own.

To reach Hamley from the railway station, he had to walk some two miles. He could go by the main road, or he could cross the flats, and reach Hamley village by a series of pretty lanes, along which, the last time he had traversed them, Maud had been by his side, whilst Jack Linden and Bella Baxter had been pranking like madcaps behind. Now he was alone. That sweet companionship could never again be his. How heavy was the young fellow's heart as he came to each well-remembered spot, so associated with those few happy days he had spent at Hamley, and thought how different might have been his fate and Maud's if only his sphere in life had been different and his fortune brighter!

He came to a narrow brook that rippled across the road, and which was spanned by a little rustic bridge, and shadowed by a

group of weeping willows. Maud and he had halted on that bridge a few short minutes once. He halted now, leaning over the fragile railing, and musingly dropping pebbles into the stream, watched the rippling circles that spread around the missiles.

"I thought she liked me, too. By heaven! she knew—she must have known, how passionately I loved her! And it ends in her marrying a fellow whom I am sure she cannot love? I cannot believe she is ambitious and heartless; no, poor girl! I am persuaded she has been inveigled into this detestable match. Anyhow, my happiness is gone, as surely as this stone sinks to the bottom of the stream!"

As he uttered the romantic monologue, he let slip a pebble from his hand; but the pebble, instead of sinking in the brook as he had prophesied, struck against the wood-work of the bridge and bounded clear over the water into the dry road.

"That is a happy harbinger, at all events," he muttered aloud with a sarcastic laugh.

'What is a happy harbinger, Mr. Beresford?" said a soft voice at his elbow which made him start, and first turn pale, but afterwards scarlet.

It was Maud Linden with her retriever dog, which, recognising an old friend in Arthur, climbed up to him, barking joyously, and licked his hand.

Maud was smiling when she thus broke upon the young man's reverie; for she had seen him first, and had had the privilege of two moments to prepare herself; enough time for a woman to assume a mask—which the intuition of her sex teaches her ever to have ready to conceal the secrets that cause her heart to throb, or almost to cease to pulsate.

Arthur was not prepared. He had had no two seconds. Albeit, he was a man! The colour went and came; his heart jumped; he could say nothing but—"Maud—Miss Linden!"

So the girl, whose lips trembled, and who was almost as embarrased as he, came to the rescue.

"Have you been to the cottage to see mamma? No! then you are going! Gip and I have been out for our usual constitutional walk, and we are now returning. If you have quite completed your studies of the geology of the stream, we may as well walk together. Mamma was speaking about you only yesterday, and saying that she wondered we had heard nothing of you; though Jack in his last letter from school told us that you had been kind enough to take him out on the river once or twice.

Arthur, thus invited, slowly walked by the girl's side toward Hamley. He had, in the meantime, somewhat recovered his com-

posure. But when he came thus face to face with Maud, and under the necessity of speaking to her, he found himself saying words which were certainly at variance with the phrases which for the last day or two he had been preparing for such an emergency.

"I don't think I shall go on to the cottage, now that I have seen you here," he said abruptly.

"Not come to see mamma, now you are so near?"

"The fact is, Maud, I came to see you."

Maud trembled and glanced up quickly into his face, but permitted her eyes to droop instantly. She said nothing, but rather hurried her steps towards the village.

"I hope, Miss Linden, you will forgive my allusion to such matters, but I understand it is now definitely settled that—in fact, that you are going to marry Sir Jasper Estcourt."

Maud was pale as marble now; her heart began to beat again terrifically, and a sensation of choking was in her throat.

"Yes; it is settled that—it is to be so," she managed to reply.

"Well, Maud, I felt that I should like to see you once more, and to tell you that, even with *him*, I hope, from my very soul, you may be happy."

"Thank you," replied the girl almost in a whisper, and her face turned steadfastly to the ground.

"I had hoped once, Maud—a foolish, absurd hope, I admit—that things might have turned out differently. I fancied that you knew the great love for you that had taken possession of my heart, and each little smile you gave me, each softly spoken word, I regarded as a sign that you too felt some kindly sentiment towards me. Nay, I am not upbraiding you, nor do I mean to imply that you have ever actually done aught that would warrant my romantic hopes. It is the old story, I suppose, and I was only like other fellows in love, in being as foolish as I was vain. Any how, Maud," he added, with a touch of scorn in his tone that even then he felt ashamed of, "I do not blame you for preferring a title and fortune, personified by Sir Jasper, to poverty and all that sort of thing, as personified by me."

"I have *not* accepted Sir Jasper Estcourt from any such mercenary ideas," returned Maud, her face now flushed, and drawing up her little form with as much angry dignity as she possessed.

"No, Miss Linden, I beg your pardon; I know I ought not to have suggested that. Can it be possible that you love him—a man old enough quite to be your father?"

"I respect him," Maud replied quickly, "or—or for no consideration would I consent to become his wife."

"Respect! And will you sacrifice yourself to a man for life

because you respect him?" cried Arthur, warmly. "Oh, Maud! I put away every selfish thought from my mind; but I implore you to consider whether such a marriage as this—if *any* marriage without love—can end in happiness!"

"I—I do not expect happiness; except the happiness of seeing mamma and my brothers happy," said Maud, her voice was almost broken with emotion.

"Ah! then you sacrifice yourself for them! You respect a middle-aged, soft-tongued *roué;* and you accept him to gratify your mother, who has set her heart upon seeing her child married well! Does *she* respect him? Likely enough she does not know him—she does not want to know him. Would you marry him if you knew him to be what he is? Would she *wish* you to marry him if she knew? He is a villain, I tell you; a bankrupt gambler; a debauchée and rake! He has wronged me——"

"Mr. Beresford, this is ungentlemanly—it is cruel! I will not permit you or any one to say these things of a man whose wife I have consented to become!"

"Again, I beg your pardon, Maud," said Arthur, mastering his anger, and speaking in a kind, sad voice. "I did not mean to say such things, but they escaped me. I hope—I pray to heaven!—that the career you have chosen may make you happy. Good-bye!"

He turned abruptly, for he did not care that Maud should see his face, nor could he trust his voice any longer in speaking. He hurried away, but when he had gone a hundred yards he turned and saw Maud Linden still standing on the spot where he left her. He took off his hat and slightly waved it. Then she turned, and with Gip went off homewards.

Arthur Beresford hurried back to the railway station, sad and heart-sick, yet glad withal that he had had that last interview with the girl he loved so well.

"Shall I go on with this affair?" he asked himself, meaning the affair that was now before him. "I must, for my poor mother's sake. But if it should be that he has done me wrong, I will forgive him, for Maud's sake!"

He reached the station just in time for the Dover train, and arrived at Dover, as we have seen, before Mr. Styles had completed his adventures.

But new and startling adventures were now before them, in which these gentlemen were both to participate.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SIGN OF THE "HALF MOON."

WHEN Mr. Styles awoke next morning, his recollection of the adventures was at first so confused that when he attempted to relate them, our hero was inclined to distrust them in their entirety; bearing in mind, as he could not fail to do, the exceedingly suspicious circumstances under which they terminated. But when the somewhat mortified little gentleman earnestly proceeded to recapitulate the names of the churches and parishes he had visited; to describe the route of his final journey; and the strange discovery he had made in the churchyard of St. Ethelburga-by-the-Sea, it was impossible not to give full credit to his statement.

But what a discovery was this! If it were true, that in that churchyard was really his mother's grave, the theory which Arthur Beresford had formed as to her imprisonment within the mysterious tower at Brooklands must utterly collapse.

This fact had appeared also to the perception of Mr. Styles; and he was fully as puzzled as his companion was excited in discussing it.

"Perhaps there might be *two* Mary Godwins," he suggested regaling his brain with a pinch of snuff.

"But the similarity of the dates; and the statement made by the woman, Mrs. Meadows, that Sir Jasper had declared my mother to be dead?"

"Perhaps," suggested the little man after a pause, "perhaps that tombstone is *not* your mother's grave; but a sham, devised by Sir Jasper to conceal the truth."

Arthur Beresford in his eager impatience and anxiety paced the room restlessly. Then, as if at last he had exerted a strong effort to calm himself, he threw himself back upon an armchair.

It is useless speculating on this strange discovery of yours, Mr. Styles, at present," he said calmly. "The one thing certain is this, that there is a mystery attaching to that turret, which I and others had supposed to be my poor mother's living tomb. Nor can I now divest myself of the feeling which lies at my heart, that I am destined to be her deliverer. Another thing, scarcely less certain is that this mystery consists in *some one* at least, if not she, being forcibly detained at Brooklands. We have come to this place to penetrate that mystery, be it what it may, and by heaven! if I live, I will penetrate it; and I will neither rest nor return until I have done so."

"And permit me to assure you, my dear sir," replied his com-

panion soothingly, "that such small aid as I can afford shall be given in this matter ungrudgingly. It may be vanity on my part, though I don't consider myself a vain man, but I believe, Mr. Beresford, that had fortune smiled propitiously upon my early youth, it was in such confidential and intricate pursuits, requiring intellect, my dear sir, and nerve, and presence of mind, that I should have distinguished myself, and possibly have earned a name."

Arthur Beresford thanked the worthy fellow for his proffered aid, and shaking him by the hand, made the flattering statement that his ability and energy had been proved by recent events.

"Well, sir, I may venture to say that my discovery is important," returned Mr. Styles, inflating his breast and sticking his thumb within his waistcoat-sleeves. "Important, sir, decidedly; though different from what we had reason to expect, and though, in fact, it was made by me, as one might say, accidentally."

Our hero smiled at his companion's vanity, but there was really much in him that he respected and admired.

After breakfast they discussed plans of their future proceedings, and though they could settle nothing in detail definitely, they determined to commence operations as circumspectly as possible that afternoon, having only general measures in view, and leaving circumstances to supply the particulars.

Calling for the landlord of the "Kentish Arms" they settled their bill, for they had no intention of returning to that hotel; and then walked over to Brooklands.

It was the first time Arthur Beresford had visited this spot so fraught with interest to him. He and his comrade walked round the small domain. This did not take them long, for Brooklands was not more than a hundred acres in extent; but this was completely railed in by stout wooden railings, so that Arthur, though he climbed the railings and looked over, could see nothing of his birthplace but the thick foliage of the trees which surrounded it. He had determined, however, to scale those palings under cover of the night, and then he hoped to see more of what was beyond them.

There was a notice painted on a black board that warned trespassers to beware of man-traps; and this notice somewhat damped the enterprise of Mr. Styles, who read it. But he was not a coward, and when he pointed it out to Arthur, and found that young gentleman did not intend to be deterred from his attempt through fear of it, he stoutly declared that where Arthur went he would accompany him, "man-traps" or "game-keepers," notwithstanding.

Fortunately they found a little quiet inn near the lodge-gates

of Brooklands, where they could be accommodated. They engaged a double-bedded room, and assumed, for the sake of allaying suspicion, the guise and character of commercial travellers.

After their first inspection of the park, they remained in the seclusion of the inn till evening, taking their meals in the coffee-room with two other gentlemen, who were also staying at the "Half Moon," and who, like our friends, called themselves commercial travellers.

These two gentlemen rather perplexed Mr. Styles, who elicited the fact of their commercial characters from the landlord in the in the course of a private conversation upon the subject.

"I suppose, then, landlord," said he, in an off-hand way, as he stood at the bar, "that, in point of fact, the 'Half Moon' is the regular commercial house in these parts. I and my friend are both of us new to the road, and I don't mind confessing that we don't know much about this part of the country."

"Well, sir," replied the landlord, "to tell you the truth, we don't often have 'mercial gents put up here at all; they mostly go on to Dover. Sometimes it happens that we have a stray one or two, you know, as it may be yourselves or the other gents—that is, Mr. White and Mr. Chaley—but I don't recollect ever having four gents staying here at the same time before this, and that's the fact."

"Have they been stopping here long?"

"Three days and nights, sir. I don't quite understand 'em between you and me. They don't seem to go out of doors much in the daytime; but at night, lor' bless you! they come in and go out like—like the moon, sir, on a cloudy night."

For commercial travellers, certainly the conduct of Mr. White and Mr. Chaley was peculiar. At first they kept themselves much aloof from our hero and his comrade; talking in a low tone to each other, and casting furtive glances at the new-comers, in such a way that it was evident the conversation was of them. Then, again, either one or the other of these was perpetually stalking up to the bow-window of the coffee-room and looking outside; then returning to his friend with some remark, loudly spoken, about the weather, such as: "it will be a fine night, I think," or something to that effect, and then immediately afterwards falling into secret whispers with his companion.

Now, that window overlooked the grounds of Brooklands, and this had been one reason why Arthur had chosen to stay at the "Half Moon." It is true there was not much, except the thick foliage of the trees that could be seen from that window; but it also commanded a full view of the lodge and gates, so that it was impossible for any one to go in or out without being perceived by

whoever might be watching there. The bed-room, however, which had been shown to Arthur was *above* the coffee-room, and *next* to the one which, as he was informed, was occupied by Mr. White and his companion. In glancing out of the bed-room window, Arthur had perceived what at once filled him with the liveliest interest—*he top of a little turret*, peeping above the trees which surrounded Brooklands. Of this fact, which he pointed out to Mr. Styles, more, however, will be said anon.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Styles, "that these fellows are no more commercial travellers than we are. It is true they talk a great deal about Spence & Caulker, the varnish merchants, and the quantity of barrels of pitch they've sold; but depend upon it, my dear sir, that is all bosh, intended for *us;* and has no more truth in it than when I talk loudly to you about the number of yards of crimson velvet that I sold to the drapers of Dover yesterday afternoon. They commercial travellers! psha! what and where can they sell, when they seem to stick closely to this room all day, and only leave it when real commercials would be either playing at whist over a bottle of wine, or slinking away half intoxicated to bed?"

"But what then, do you conjecture them to be?"

To this query, however, Mr. Styles had no convenient reply.

If, however, our two friends regarded their companions with suspicion, they were themselves equally so regarded by the latter. At first Mr. White appeared to have a tacit understanding with Mr. Chaley, not to converse with each other except in whispers, when either Mr. Styles or Mr. Beresford was present. By-and-bye, however, they began to talk loudly, as has been already stated, about the eminent commercial firms they were supposed to represent,—Mr. White being in the oil and colour trade, and Mr. Chaley selling wines and spirits. Gradually, by the hour when Arthur had ordered tea to be served, Mr. Chaley had become quite friendly and confidential, chatting of Gregg & Ramsbottom's Cliquot and Hock, and as Mr. Styles was conscious, exerting himself to the utmost, to wheedle out of him as much of himself and Arthur as he could.

"Don't let them get too familiar with us, and, if at any time they ask you, be sure not to play cards with them," Mr. Styles whispered to the latter, during a pause. "It is my belief they are swindlers on the look-out for dupes."

Mr. Chaley did not, however, propose to play at cards; possibly on account of the day being Sunday, when card-playing is not permissible. But after tea an incident occurred which was certainly at the time exceedingly perplexing.

Mr. Styles was in conversation with the man calling himself Chaley, and Arthur was seated at the window wistfully watching

those lodge-gates which were situated some thirty or forty yards along the road to the right.

Presently he saw these gates open, and a middle-aged man, in corduroy trousers and a holland jacket, emerge. He walked slowly across the road with a stoop—the stoop of premature age engendered by hard work—and came directly towards the "Half-Moon."

Apparently, Mr. Chaley observed this individual also, for he suddenly broke off his conversation with Mr. Styles and walked over the room to whisper something to Mr. White, who instantly left the room and went downstairs. Chaley then returned to Mr. Styles, and Arthur remained on the watch.

In the course of a couple of minutes, Mr. White descended the steps which led to the inn, and was directly joined by the man in the holland jacket. These two, then conversing earnestly, walked under the window where Arthur sat, and though he was unable to overhear a word of the conversation, he witnessed everything that passed.

The men continued their dialogue for two or three minutes; the gardener from Brooklands—for such his appearance indicated him to be—gesticulating and seeming excited by what he said. Presently, from underneath his jacket, he produced a red-cotton pocket-handkerchief, and either a low, soft-crowned hat or a cap, and passed them to the man White, who instantly thrust them under his own coat. The men then separated, the gardener or whatever he might be, returned back to the lodge with the same slow, slouching gait, as that with which he had come from it, and White returning indoors. Soon the latter re-entered the coffee-room, gaily humming a tune, and trying to assume an easy air; but observing with a quickness that Arthur was still at the window, a shade as if of doubt passed over his countenance. He halted, and Arthur fancied he was about to speak to him; but seeming to change his mind, he continued to hum his tune and walked over to the further end of the apartment, where Chaley shortly rejoined him.

All this was rapidly communicated by Arthur to his friend at the earliest opportunity, and as soon as Mr. Chaley and his colleague had quitted the house, which they did as soon as twlight had set in, Mr. Styles again placed himself in communication with the friendly landlord, and questioned him as to the man in the holland jacket and corduroys, who apparently belonged to Brooklands.

"Oh, you mean the new gardener, sir, I suppose," said the landlord.

"I mean the man who came over here this evening to see Mr. White."

"Yes, that's the same that I mean, sir; he's the new gardener. He comes over here to see Mr. Chaley or Mr. White sometimes every day or evening, and that is one of the things that rather puzzles me. What can these gents have to do with Sir Jasper's gardener, I should like to know?"

"You call him the new gardener. How long has he been in the situation?"

"Only about three days."

"Is he a stranger here?"

"Bless you, sir; no one has ever seen him in the village before—leastways, that I know of. Sir Jasper's gardener—he was took with the fever, and died about a week ago; and it seems that this chap heard of it somehow, offers himself for the place, gets it, and there he is."

The conclusion that Mr. Styles came to now was, that Messrs. White & Chaley were burglars, arranging an outbreak upon Brook lands, and that the new gardener was their confederate in the attempt.

"Perhaps they may be like ourselves," suggested Arthur, to whom these views were communicated.

"How so?"

"Their designs may be upon Sir Jasper's secrets, rather than upon his silver spoons."

"But the question, as it appears to me," said Mr. Styles, "is this,—are we to regard these men as our allies? or *are they spies set by Sir Jasper to watch us?*"

"We cannot trust them as allies," returned Arthur Beresford; "and if I catch them spying, I will try if I cannot crack the head of, at least, one of them."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE GARDENER.

It was now six o'clock in the evening, and Mr. Styles having by this time completely recovered from the fatigues of the previous day, piloted his companion to the quaint little church of St. Ethelburga-by-the-Sea; Arthur being particularly solicitous to visit his poor mother's supposed grave; and the church being no more than three miles distant from Brooklands.

As they reached the churchyard, the bells had ceased to ring, and the organ was rolling out its solemn cadences before the service began. Most of the little congregation were assembled, but Arthur was too impatient to enter the church until he had looked upon hat grave.

He stood bare-headed before that moss-grown stone! A tear stood in the young man's eyes. Strange emotions, evoked by the soft and holy music and the sacredness of that spot, surged within his heart.

He read these words,

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MARY GODWIN,
Died September 5th, 1851, in the 23rd year of her age."

Was that gravestone, so strangely discovered, a witness of the truth? or were these words a great eternal lie?

If the truth, then what was he—Arthur, to whom that fearful truth was now revealed? If a lie—who was he that had dared to erect that false, mendacious tablet upon that sacred soil?

If the truth,—ah, the young man's heart was softened, and he felt that he forgave that poor erring soul the wrong that had been inflicted upon him. If she had sinned, Heaven knew the penalty of sorrow by which that sin, he hoped, had been atoned!

In silence—for no words passed between him and his companion—Arthur withdrew, motioning the other to lead the way to the church.

Mr. Styles himself seemed moved, and sympathetically slipped his hand in Arthur's arm.

"Come along, my dear boy," said the kind-hearted little man, "it won't do to give way too much to these things, you know."

Seated in a high pew, they heard the service and the sermon, which was a short one, to the end. But there were one or two passages in that sermon, short as it was, that touched the young man deeply. Perhaps on another occasion he would have thought little of them, but now the gentle words of the preacher, the soft music of the organ and the singers, as the notes rose and fell in psalmody and hymn, the light of the western sun as it fell slanting through the painted window across the aisle, the pews, and the monuments of the dead; the recent anxiety and excitement he had undergone,—all these combined had a powerful effect upon him, and as he left that church, a sensation of choking was upon him, and he burst into hysterical tears.

Little Mr. Styles was greatly concerned and perplexed. He patted the young man upon the back soothingly, and as quickly as possible led him to that little inn at which he himself had received such stimulating refreshment the night before. A glass of hot brandy-and-water restored Arthur to composure, and enabled him to laugh at himself and call himself a fool for his weakness in allowing his emotion to overcome him in such a way.

By the time they arrived at the "Half Moon," Arthur Beresford seemed quite himself, and talked to his companion about making the attempt upon Brooklands that night.

He declared it to be his fixed intention, that if he lived *he would penetrate into that very chamber in the turret, where he himself was born.*

"If I live, I will get there, and set at rest for ever the mystery which still clings, as it has clung for years, to that chamber an, that tower. If I die in the attempt, so be it. But I am resolved and be he whom he may who stops me—let him look to himself."

And as the young man spoke with heightened colour and flashing eye, he produced to his horrified companion, a revolver full loaded and capped.

Mr. Styles was really alarmed. He began to wish that he had never allied himself to a young man so excitable and desperate.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Beresford!" he exclaimed; "you surely do not intend to shoot anybody? I really cannot permit you, in your present state of mind, to attempt anything to-night. We must consider the position in which we stand in regard to the law, and do nothing rashly to imperil ourselves."

"I do not for a moment wish to imperil you; Heaven forbid! I will go by myself."

"But not to-night, my dear sir, I implore you. See, it is bright moonlight; you would certainly be detected, and fail. Calm yourself and rest quietly to-night, and to-morrow I pledge my word I will accompany you, even though I get shot as a burglar for so doing."

"So be it, then," Arthur said at length. "As you suggest, if to-morrow night should be dark and cloudy, we are more likely to achieve success."

"And success, my dear sir, is everything."

"It is better than life in this case; for if I fail I do not wish to live."

"Come, come, my dear boy; we must not talk like this, you know."

So Mr. Styles pacified him, and they retired to rest.

Before, however, he went to bed, he looked through the window over Brooklands park. There, shining through the tops of trees, burned a dim, small light. That light he knew was burning in the turret of that strange tower.

He was awoke from his first sleep by hearing a footstep in the adjoining room—the room occupied by White and Chaley. The desire came upon him to know whether the singular light was still to be seen from the turret window; so, hastily throwing on some garments, he drew up the blind, and looked out. The light was now extinguished, and all that part of the ground was in darkness; for the moon had gone in, and the sky become black and heavy.

But what struck our hero as remarkable was, that in quite a different portion of the park, and apparently on the ground, were *two lights* shining side by side. Presently one of these disappeared, then came back again, and in five minutes both of them were extinguished, and appeared no more.

Meantime, Arthur's attention was again drawn to the occupants of the next apartment. He could hear their voices and occasionally a footstep; and, though he could not see their window, as it was parallel to his own, he could see *a ray of light* emitted therefrom, until the lights in Brooklands finally vanished; when this ray of light also disappeared, the voices and footsteps were hushed, and all was silence once more.

Bearing in mind the events of the day, Arthur could only arrive at the conviction, that the tenants of the adjacent chamber were exchanging signals of some kind with some person within the grounds.

Much disturbed by these curious circumstances, he returned to bed, and presently again fell asleep. When he awoke, it was quite late in the morning, and Mr. Styles had already risen and left the room.

Hastily dressing himself, he went down stairs to the coffee-room. Mr Styles was not there. Arthur, however, ascertained from the waiter, that the little man had risen early and gone for a walk. So our hero amused himself till breakfast with a newspaper, for the other "Commercial gents" had not yet come downstairs.

He had not long, however, to wait. Mr. Styles soon made his appearance, and Arthur perceived from his demeanour that he had made some discovery, or, at any rate, had some communication to make.

"Do you fell better, sir, for your night's rest?" he inquired with a tantalising smile, reading the curiosity shewn in his companion's face.

"Yes, I am better, thank you. While I have been asleep, you, I perceive, have been up and doing."

"Well, it doesn't do to let the grass grow under our feet, you know."

"And what is it you have to tell me? I see there is something."

Mr. Styles smiled placidly as he sipped his coffee.

"I went out this morning for a walk."

"So I perceive."

"I had an object in view."

"So I surmise."

"That object, my dear sir, was to try to learn something about the new gardener at Brooklands, in whom our friends upstairs appear so interested."

Despite his curiosity, Arthur could not refrain from telling his friend about the signalling with lanterns that he had detected at night.

"Just so; that bears out the discovery I have made," said Mr. Styles, when the tale was told. "Well, sir, the first thing I did was to apply to the lodge-keeper over the way for permission to walk over the park, stating that I was a London traveller staying at the 'Half Moon,' and that I should be very gratified if I might be permitted to do so. Bless you! I might as well have asked permission to enter Fairy Land. The man—a surly fellow he was—growled out that Brooklands wasn't a show place, and that Sir Jasper never permitted strangers to potter about the grounds. I expostulated, and offered the fellow half-a-crown; but he steadily refused it, saying that if he permitted me to enter, it would be more than his place was worth.

The noise of our wrangling brought from the lodge another man, in whom, from your description, I recognised the gardener. He wore a white holland blouse, and, indeed, carried a spade in his hand.

"What's the row about, mate?" said he. There was something in the voice that struck me that I had heard it before.

"The gentleman wants to go over the park; but it's impossible, you know; Sir Jasper won't let anybody."

"Oh, lor', no," said the gardener, I thought with half a smile; "that will never do."

"So I tell the gentleman, though I'm sure we'd be willin' to oblige him if we could." And the keeper looked ruefully at the pocket into which I had slipped back the half-crown.

"Well,"' said I, "if it can't be, it can't be, and there's an end of it."

Then the lodge-keeper whispered to the other, and presently said in a mollified tone, that if I liked to keep out of the way, so that Sir Jasper did not see me, the gardener would just show me over the grounds. To this I at once consented; and the gardener, who was a tall man, though he stooped a good deal, walked by my side. I led him to talk about the gardens and the grounds, but he was rather reticent, and seemed every now and again to be watching me furtively as he spoke."

"Do you know, my friend," said I, at length; for the recollection of his voice, and something in his face, had come clear to me; do you know that I believe I have seen you before."

"Maybe, sir," he replied stolidly.

"In London, I think?"

"Maybe, sir."

"In Scotland Yard."

He turned upon me quickly; but instantly answered in a stupid sort of way. "I was born in Scotland—in Edinburgh, in fact—so it may be, though I know naught of Scotland Yard."

"Well," said I, resolving to run the risk, "I have seen a fellow there; and I could have sworn you were he; but he was called Sergeant Harrison, of the Detective Police."

"Na, na, mon; me name is Sandy Macpherson; and I know naught of your Detective Police."

I could get nothing out of him, though I tried with all my might; and presently he brought me by a round-about way to the lodge-gates, where I tipped him the half-crown for himself and the keeper to share.

. . . . . .

"And do you still believe he was a member of the Detective Police?" Arthur inquired, when his companion brought his story to a close.

"Yes, my dear sir, I do. At one time I used to spend my holidays in attending the police and criminal courts; and by that means I became acquainted by sight with most of the more skilful police. I saw Sergeant Harrison, on the platform at London Bridge, a few days ago; and if this gardener is not he—despite his denial and disguise—I'll—I tell you what I'll do, sir,—I'll eat my head!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE RESCUE

NOTHING happened on the following day—the Monday—until the evening. Arthur Beresford and his companion waited anxiously for nightfall, in order to make the contemplated attack; for the young man had determined that this night should settle the identity of the mysterious prisoner confined in the little chamber of the tower turret.

It was arranged that Mr. Styles should accompany him into the park. He was to assist him, rather, by watching and giving warning, in case of interruption, than by more active aid. Arthur had provided himself with a bunch of keys and a few implements necessary to pick a lock or open a door, if it should be necessary to use them; and having thus made their preparations, there was nothing further to be done but to wait for the hour of action.

Mr. Styles was very uneasy as he reflected upon the enterprise into which he had embarked. He feared especially, and mildly deprecated, his companion's rashness and too energetic disposition.

"Let me prevail upon you, Mr. Beresford," he expostulated, "to leave behind you these false keys and pick-locks! Consider

that if you should use them, or even if they should be found upon us, we should be treated as burglars—burglars, my dear sir—think of that! If you find the door of that tower unfastened, enter it by all means. The circumstances would be suspicious against us, it is true; we might get charged as trespassers, or rogues and vagabonds; or we might have a bullet put into our bodies as poachers or thieves; we may venture to risk all that. But burglars, my dear sir; I conjure you not to let us subject ourselves to the imputation of that!"

"One way or another I must get into that place. I will run all risks; but, remember, I do not wish to implicate you. We must not forget, however, that success will place Sir Jasper Estcourt in our power, so that he will not dare to question the manner in which that success has been achieved."

The evening was favourable to their object, for the sky was cloudy and overcast, though the moon now and again sailed through the fleecy veil, and reigned supreme for a time over the broad expanse. About seven o'clock there was a shower of rain, which did not, however, last long; and as soon as it was over, Mr. Chaley and his friend Mr. White, who had been watching at the window, left the house.

Just as Arthur and his colleague were about to follow the example, and leave the "Half Moon" also, the latter called Arthur's attention to a coach, with closely-drawn blinds and a pair of horses, which had driven, through the lodge gates of Brooklands, into the park. A man closely muffled sat by the coachman's side, but whether the interior had any occupant, of course it was impossible to tell.

"Sir Jasper has company to-night."

"So much the better; he will be less likely to notice us."

"And you won't leave these confounded picks and keys behind?"

"No; they are in my pocket, if required."

The portion of the park railings which Arthur had marked on first reconnoitring the grounds was the spot selected now to obtain ingress. This spot happened to be near a by-lane, so that there was little likelihood of detection or interruption. Arthur assisted his companion to surmount the palings, by stooping and permitting the other to stand upon his back. It was an easy task for the younger man to clamber over afterwards.

By this time, however, the rain had now ceased. The moon was brightly shining, and the sky, though still cloudy, dotted with twinkling stars. It was, therefore, necessary in order to avoid discovery, that our adventurers should proceed with caution and keep as much as possible under the shady shelter of the trees.

"It will be best," said Arthur in a whisper, "that I should lead the way. You follow me, and do not speak except in a whisper; for there is no knowing who may be loitering about the grounds this night. If I hear a footstep or see any person approach, I will throw myself upon the ground, if possible, under the shadow of the nearest hedge, or bush, or tree. Mind you do the same."

"Oh, I'll do it; but, by the Lord Harry, I wish we were safely out of it, and back at the 'Half Moon.'"

They crept cautiously in the direction in which they supposed the house to lie; and here Mr. Styles's experience of the previous morning was of some avail. Presently, a ray of light streaming through the foliage warned them that they were approaching the house. The next instant they stood on the very confines of the thickly-growing plantation which surrounded Brooklands with a girdle of impenetrable green.

On the left of them was the half-stagnant lakes, to the right the broad carriage sweep that led to the gates; before them, that quaint, old edifice, with its stone terrace, its oriel windows, and at its extremity, that tower and turret, the secret of which was now about to be revealed!

The neigh of a horse broke the profound stillness of the scene, and then the sound of a man's voice in the distance. Arthur halted and motioned his companion to stand motionless in the shadow offered by the trunk of an old elm.

Our hero's eyesight was now accustomed to the dim lights of the room, and he perceived that the sounds he had heard proceeded from the foot of the terrace at which, apparently, the same carriage that had lately entered the gates was standing.

He glanced up at the turret of which he had heard so much. The window was now in utter darkness, and the tower loomed gaunt and frowning in the sky. But as he looked, a faint ray suddenly streamed from the window—as if to bid him advance and accomplish the task he had vowed that he would achieve.

By skirting the plantation, he might cross the gravel sweep, and circuitously reach the tower unseen. He whispered this to his companion, who replied that he was willing to make the attempt, and at that moment the face of the moon became covered by a passing cloud, as if to facilitate their object.

But scarcely had they taken a dozen careful steps, when they were startled by a loud cry for help. It came from the terrace, along which several men appeared as if in a *melèe* struggling. It was but for a moment, however, for the sound of the scuffling feet was followed by the loud closing of the carriage-door; the cries were stifled and hushed, and then the cracking of the wheels along the gravel path, and the thud of the horses' hoofs, were the only sounds.

Again, however, for an instant, Arthur stood by the path concealed by the shadow of a tree. The vehicle neared him. There was a crash; the window was broken from the inside, and loud cries for help in a man's voice ensued, followed by imprecations and threats.

Arthur Beresford clenched his teeth. He snatched from his companion's hand, a huge walking-stick, that the latter possessed Then quicker than thought, he dashed at the horses and seized the reins: in a moment he had stricken the astounded coachman from the box. But another burly fellow, who was seated by his side, sprang to the ground as Arthur was about to attack him. The carriage-door was thrown open, and two men armed with cudgels jumped out, while a third was struggling inside with another—the one who had been shouting for help. With shouts of defiance, these fellows set upon the young man and poor little Mr. Styles, who had courageously advanced to his aid. The latter having no weapon, was instantly knocked down. Arthur, undaunted by the numbers, albeit the coachman had now picked himself together, and joined the fray—laid his stick about him with such goodwill that he had knocked down one of his assailants, and made another yell, when his own right arm fell powerless from a blow he had received from behind.

"Cowards!" he shouted excitedly, drawing his revolver with his remaining hand, "the first one of you who advances another step is a dead man."

For a moment his adversaries drew back in awe.

"Seize him, men! Ten pounds if you knock him down!" cried one—the fellow who had yelled with the anguish of a nearly broken skull.

How it would have fared with our hero and his stout little friend, it is impossible to say; for several other persons, including Sir Jasper Estcourt himself, had now hastened to the scene: and these were about to rush upon Arthur in a posse, when a tall form stepped forward with a gesture that compelled them to pause.

"Hold men!" he exclaimed in a commanding tone. "I am an officer of the Detective Police! Do not resist me—I am armed; and these are officers, also, armed, under my command."

"There, Sergeant Harrison, I told you so!" shouted Mr. Styles, in an ecstasy of delight.

"What is the meaning of all this, gentlemen?" inquired Sir Jasper in his blandest tones, though his face, in the moonlight, looked slaty pale.

"I regret to inform you, Sir Jasper Estcourt," replied Sergeant Harrison, "that it has been my business to investigate the disappearance of a person, who has been traced to this house; who

was last seen in your company; some of whose clothes we have discovered under very peculiar circumstances; who—"

"Excuse me, sergeant," Sir Jasper interrupted calmly, and in the softest tone; "but may I inquire the name of the interesting individual to whom you are good enough to refer?"

"John Clements is his name."

"John Clements is his *supposed* name," said that person, stepping forward, whose cries for assistance and energetic struggles for liberty had developed this remarkable scene.

"Mr. Clements himself!" exclaimed Arthur, in astonishment, recognising his uncle's friend.

"Heavens! Mr. Beresford! Can it be to you that I am again. indebted for my rescue!" cried the latter, grasping our hero's hand.

"I believe, sir, you are indebted to the sergeant and his constables as much as to me."

"Gentlemen," said Sir Jasper, calmly, and in a clear voice, "I know not what all this means. This man, Clements, or whatever his name may be, is a raving lunatic. He came to me, and threatened my life. He declared himself to be my brother, who has been dead these four-and-twenty years—"

"And, Jasper Estcourt," interrupted Clements, with dignity, drawing himself to his full height, "I am your brother—your outraged brother, whom you have wronged bitterly, and then, fearing, would incarcerate as a madman in a madman's living grave. I would have forgiven you, but now I spurn you. I tear from you the mask that conceals your villany—false baronet—false-hearted, man"

CHAPTER XLV.

SIR FELIX ESTCOURT'S STORY.

YES; the man whom Captain Beresford had rescued from a watery grave, and whom on two occasions Arthur had been the means of saving from a still more terrible fate, was, indeed, the latter's father, Sir Felix Estcourt, and here follows the story of his life, as related by himself.

. . . . . .

My father was a weak-minded and profligate man; he contracted a most imprudent marriage with a woman below his own rank, though, if she had been a good woman, that would have signified not. But my mother, I grieve to confess, was violent in temper, ambitious, unscrupulous, and, where she had an object at heart, utterly remorseless. My father paid the penalty for his conduct by leading a miserable life. He became more deeply steeped in

profligacy than ever, in gambling, drinking, and worse. He died a disreputable death in a gambling-saloon at Hamburg, his wife having previously given birth to three sons.

My eldest brother, Gerald, died while quite a child, from small-pox, it was said, though I have too much reason to believe from the unnatural neglect and carelessness of my mother, who never relinquished a wild career of frivolous gaiety, even while the poor boy languished at the doors of death, nor scarcely shed a natural tear when they placed him in the grave.

I, poor, helpless little mortal, was heir to the title and estate; but I venture to say there were few children, the offspring of labourers or peasants, whose life was not more to be envied than mine. My father was kind to me in his way, but he had little time to devote to his children; his career, unfortunately, being a continual scene of dissipation, gambling, and intrigue. On the other hand, my mother, from some strange freak, appeared utterly to dislike me,—a dislike which afterwards became hatred the most implacable and unrelenting. At home I was ill treated and neglected, especially when my younger brother, Jasper, was born. The servants, indeed, were quick to perceive my position, and imitated their mistress in their contempt and harsh behaviour towards me. One woman, a housemaid, was my only friend; she alone was kind to me, and sympathised with the troubles I had to endure. Even she had to disguise her friendship, and show her kindness and sympathy secretly.

My unnatural mother entertained an affection for her youngest child as unaccountable, and, I might almost say, as ferocious, as was her detestation of me. She wrangled, threatened, nay, she fought with her husband; she scolded her servants; she beat, neglected, and ill-used me. But upon Jasper she lavished the most passionate love. Every unreasonable desire of the wayward child was gratified, if she could gratify it. The servants curried favour by praising, petting, and spoiling him. To offend him was to incur his mother's gravest displeasure; to please him, would be sure to obtain an approving smile, and probably a recompense of a more substantial kind.

Heaven knows, I was not naturally of an envious disposition; but I could not fail to observe the difference of favour that was shown to my brother from the treatment I myself endured. What wonder that I became envious, or that I sometimes resented, with anger, the overbearing demeanour, the irritating scorn, and exasperating language that Jasper, as he grew older, manifested habitually to me?

One day, in some childish quarrel—I forgot exactly what it was about—Jasper had been unusually insolent, and had stung

me, with a sneer, to the very quick. I retorted angrily; and my young brother, unaccustomed to contradiction, struck me with a stick. Then I lost all control of my temper, and administered to him such a thrashing as he had never before received during the the whole period of his life.

The consequence of this untoward manifestation of temper, was that, in the first instance, I was committed as a close prisoner to the little room in the turret of the eastern tower, which was regarded as the safest place of confinement Brooklands possessed. I then received a terrific thrashing for my wicked behaviour to my poor little brother; and afterwards, for a week, my daily rations consisted of cold water and the driest of dry bread.

At the end of a week, it was announced to me that I was to be sent away to a boarding-school, an announcement which, though it was intended as part of the punishment I had to endure, I hailed with the utmost delight.

Accordingly, when I was about ten years old, I was sent to a respectable school near Brighton—a change from my home at Brooklands which to me was delightful in every way. I need not dwell upon my school-life, which was similiar, I have no doubt, to that experienced by most boys; with this difference, however, that whereas they generally have a home to which they look forward hopefully to visit during the holidays, my home I rarely visited, and when I did so, such visits were hailed by me with feelings far other than those of joy.

Meantime, my father died, and the title descended upon me. I found myself now treated with somewhat more respect, though my mother's strange antipathy towards me continued unabated, though possibly, from motives of policy, it was rather more concealed. I exchanged Brighton for Harrow; and from Harrow, in due time, I went to Cambridge. I left the University, however, without taking a degree; for like many other youths the passion for the sea and travel came upon me, and I must needs start on a series of voyages that took me, I believe, nearly round the world.

Upon my return to Brooklands, I found myself treated with wonderful consideration and respect. My mother was most gracious to me,—the head of the house; but I suspected that the graciousness was an outward assumption, and that her love was still given to the younger son. By-and-bye, I found out that my mother and brother, Jasper, had been travelling on the Continent while I was away; that they had spent a great deal of money which was not their own, but mine; and that they had involved themselves considerably by debts of honour and otherwise, which I was expected to pay. Being freehanded and foolish, I did liquidate these claims without much grumbling; and my brother and I

were thrown more into each other's society than had been the case in any previous period of our lives.

At this time of my life—indeed, if I confess the truth, I may say during all my life—I was very romantic. I delighted in Byron, imitated the poet in my costume, quoted his poems, and, when I was on board ship, used almost to imagine I was a corsair or buccaneer who commanded a lawless craft as she sped "o'er the dark waters of the deep blue sea."

Under the combined influence of this romantic temperament, my love of athletic exercise, and the suddenly created fraternal friendship, I used frequently to make long pedestrian excursions into the country, in which Jasper was my companion, and in which we were pleased to travel incognito, each of us assuming Byronic-like names.

During one of these excursions, we passed through a Kentish village called Walling. Here, one morning, coming out of the little village church, with prayer-book in her hand, I saw the loveliest girl I had ever met. Exquisitely fair, with rich auburn hair that fell in masses to her waist; fresh as the morning, and looking as innocent, she made me think of *Marguerite*. I was struck with admiration of her exquisite form and face; the perfect grace of her every movement. I whispered the comparison to my companion, and, almost breathless, declared I was in love.

"There is something of the Marguerite appearance about the girl, certainly," said he. "Do you intend to assume the character of Faust. If so," he added, laughing, "I suppose I must play the *rôle* of Mephistopheles in the little comedy you wish to act."

Of course I lost no time in learning all that it was possible to learn about the character, the name, and everything connected with my lovely inamorata. She was the daughter of an old schoolmaster, who was proud as he was poor. Her name was Mary Godwin, and of her character everybody spoke with the highest praise.

I need not recapitulate the means I employed to scrape up an acquaintance with this girl. Jasper aided me in my love-making with indefatigable energy and skill, and, as I considered, with the most unselfish fidelity. Our visits to Walling became pretty frequent, and, in short, an intimacy was formed between Mary and myself which soon ripened into love on her part as true and devoted as upon mine.

During this time Mary was unconscious of my name or rank. I was anxious to win her love for *myself*, and to make certain that it was not given for my title. Mephistopheles, I believe, first put this notion in my head, and my romantic mind seized it with avidity.

It seemed, however, that there was a sort of half engagement already subsisting between Mary and the clergyman of the village church; that the girl's father had set his mind upon this match, and that she, to please him, and liking the worthy priest well enough until I had called into her heart a passion hitherto unknown, had consented to become his wife. Hence she was always in terror lest her meetings with me should be discovered, as she feared to face her father's anger in such a case.

So our little love scenes were always clandestine, though pure from evil thought. The fear of discovery, Mary's trustfulness, the preservation of my own incognito, the anticipation of her surprise and delight when my rank and fortune should afterwards be revealed,—all these things had for me the greatest charm. And Mephistopheles was ever at my elbow to urge me on.

At length we were to end this romantic episode in a more romantic flight. Jasper arranged everything—the coach-and-four, the inn we were to stop at, the church at which the marriage ceremony was to be performed. Once, indeed, the tempter had whispered the suggestion that this ceremony was superfluous, and would lead only to my own detriment and social loss. I had heard this whisper at first with amazement, and then with such horro and indignant scorn that Mephistophiles laughed, but urged the wicked thought no more.

In short, Mary Godwin eloped with me in secret, and in secret she became my lawful bride.

WITTY AND WISE.

"WHEN wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty, and something more than witty; who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit,—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature."—These are the words of Sydney Smith, who was himself an example of a man who had as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense and benevolence as if he had no wit.

Because humour and brightness of disposition have been, in the case of many gifted men, the light that led them astray, we are not for this reason to deny that it is "light from Heaven." It is the best thing, when corrupted, that becomes the worst. If men will always be on the laughing side to please fools; if they must have their joke at the expense of their good-nature, reverential feelings, and sense of decency, then it is not genuine wit, but their want of goodness that should be blamed. If a man's heart beat true, and he have in his head a good dish of brains, humour will add cheerfulness to the first in adverse circumstances, and a pleasant flavour to the second, thus breaking up the common but very false association between wit and folly, between common sense and dulness. Nor should wit be sneered at merely because it can be dispensed with. Life might be sustained by tasteless food, and common sense alone would direct our conduct; but God has given us materials to flavour our food withal, and wit, and brightness, and laughter, and flowers, and innumerable unnecessary delights "to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl." Quite as many cruel and indelicate expressions are uttered by men who have a "plentiful lack of wit," as by even chronic jesters, and we believe that great folly rather than great wit "is to madness near allied."

From this point of view it is very instructive to reflect on the good use Sydney Smith made of his great powers of wit and humour. First of all, they were a coat of armour protecting himself from despondency and discontent. While others said that they could no longer dare to hope, he used to say that he never understood how a man who believed in Providence could dare to despair. In early life he was very poor, but he contrived to put his poverty in such a humorous light, that he could not fret about this his chief

cause of laughter. Besides, he had none of the false shame that more than anything else makes poverty bitter, and never shrank from saying "I can't afford it." How poor he was when living in Edinburgh, immediately after his marriage, is humorously expressed in the motto he suggested for the *Edinburgh Review*, then started by him in conjunction with his not less impoverished friends, Brougham and Jeffrey—"Tenui musam meditamur avenâ," ("We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal!") In hopes of bettering his circumstances he removed to London; but here, in spite of earnest endeavours to obtain employment, he remained poor for many years. But it was poverty in a form that was almost attractive. There was no *seeming* in his little household, substantial comfort—which he called the "grammar of life"—being always preferred to outward show. "Avoid shame, but do not seek glory; nothing so expensive as glory." This principle regulated every detail of his establishment. Some lectures he now delivers at the Royal Institution enable him to furnish a larger house, where he established little weekly suppers as centres of attraction to his ever-widening circle of friends. Nothing could be plainer than these suppers were, yet the host's "feast of reason and flow of soul" drew all the most celebrated people of London to share his single dish.

Nor did the good and useful humour that gilded poverty in his first London struggles forsake Sydney Smith when "a diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher," he was suddenly transported to a living in Yorkshire, where, not knowing a turnip from a carrot, he was compelled to farm three hundred acres, and, without capital, to build a parsonage-house Here the squire, who at first thought the new parson a dangerous fellow, and turned aside as he passed, at last reached such a pitch of civility, that he used to bring the papers to have the difficult words explained. And when he did discover that the newly-arrived wit had made a joke, almost laughed himself into convulsions, and actually invited him to see his dogs. So unlike was Sydney Smith, in his intercourse with these bovine parishioners, to the clergyman who complained of want of society in the country to Mrs. Thrale's mother, saying, "They talk only of runts" (young cows), and received the following rebuke:—"Sir, Dr. Johnson would have learned to talk of runts, had he been in your position." Sydney Smith talked of runts with those who talked only of runts, learned from every worker something of his own art, and in all ways adapted himself to the uncongenial circumstances in which he was placed. Still, the problems of country life were not to be solved by listening to advice, but only by experience. Advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen, the parsonic farmer purchased four—"Tug and Lug, Hawl and

Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal-volatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud." So he sold his oxen and bought a team of horses. "I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals, took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief) into my service, established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furnish my house.' At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment. After diligent search, I discovered in the back settlement of a York coachmaker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay, but for Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties, the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior. It escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms; it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring. I christened it the *Immortal*."

Though the services Sydney Smith rendered to the cause of true liberty by his writings entitled him to a substantial reward, he was not allowed even to hope for this. A message was sent to him that "the king had been reading his reviews, and had said, 'He was a very clever fellow, but would never be a bishop.'" But he was too much of a man to allow himself to rust unused merely because his lot was cast in an obscure country parish. Combining in himself the offices of village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate, and Edinburgh reviewer, he had not much time to regret London. "If you cannot," he used to say, "be happy in one way, be happy in another. Many in this world run after felicity like an absent man hunting for his hat, while all the time it is on his head or in his hand. One must look downwards as well as upwards in life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind. Better a dinner of herbs and a pure conscience than the stalled ox and infamy, is my version." His recipe for making every day happy could be acted upon as well hundreds of miles from London as in that Paradise of wits. "When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. Trifles light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, 'I would if I could.'"

Having a passionate love of justice and common sense, as well as a ready wit, Sydney Smith used the last as a means of imparting the two first to the minds of his contemporaries, and eventually to the laws of his country. His jokes were always ready against the maladministration of poor-rates, the horrors then existing in our prisons and lunatic asylums, religious intolerance, the abuse of episcopal power, and every other stronghold of bullies and noodles.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat? With great force he applied the "argument of a grin" to the fat and sleek enjoyers, the well-as-we-are people of the world. He pointed to children just tottering on the threshold of crime, living with and learning from the most hardened profligates in the prisons of those days. There was no order and no discrimination, the innocent and those who were awaiting their trial being forced to mix with the most guilty. Lunatic asylums he declared to be horrors of cruelty, and he brought into public notice the mild and humane treatment proposed by the Quakers. Though living in the midst of land proprietors, he did not shrink from joking common sense and justice into the game laws, while the poor laws and the cause of education were incalculably benefited by him.

Sydney Smith was eminently a teacher—that is to say, he had the gift of attracting attention. He was never long, and seldom wrong; and his powers of ridicule constituted him a most useful diffuser of ideas, for, in order to diffuse widely, one must know how to address *fools*. Nor was it merely that his wit was invariably on the right side, but he could not be silenced by fear. He knew that "it is always considered a piece of impertinence in England if a man of less than two or three thousand a-year has independent opinions." He knew that at the beginning of the century terrible penalties were exacted from those whose sentiments were Liberal: "A long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue." Yet none of these things moved him, either to dishonest speech or to dishonest silence. "Any man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised against Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life. To say a word against the suitorcide delays of the Court of Chancery, or the cruel punishments of the game laws, or against any abuse which a rich man inflicted and a poor man suffered, was treason against the plousiocracy, and was bitterly and steadily resented." Estimating his soul at, what must have appeared to many, an unreasonable value, Sidney Smith refused to sell it for the lawn of a prelate. As a consequence, he was *free* to raise his voice and take up his pen against each and all of these abuses.

The thermometer of the Church of England sank to its lowest point in the first thirty years of George III. The money-changers had entered the temple and had almost driven out the worshippers. Ecclesiastical revenues were monopolised by wealthy pluralists. Take, as an example of Sydney Smith's plain speaking on Church matters, the following humorous censure of careless preachers:—"The English, generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad manner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plenitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being called theatrical and affected. Is it any wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary, who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is sin to be taken from man, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice, numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?"

Common sense, quite as much as wit, was Sydney Smith's forte. How wise were the maxims and rules he drew up for the regulation of his life! "Remember that your children, your wife, and your servants, have rights and feelings; treat them as you would treat persons who could turn again. Do not attempt to frighten children and inferiors by passion; it does more harm to your own character than it does good to them. Passion gets less and less powerful after every defeat. Husband energy for the real demand which the dangers of life make upon it. Johnson says, every man is a rascal when he is sick; meaning, I suppose, that he has no benevolent dispositions at that period towards his fellow-creatures, but that his notions assume a character of greater affinity to his bodily feelings. The longer I live, the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca; and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from food pressing in the wrong place. My friend sups late; he eats strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these varieties with wine. Next day he is going to sell his house in London. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster; and when nature

has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind. In the same manner old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body!

"If a good, useful occupation be *not* provided, it is so ungenial to the human mind to do nothing, that men occupy themselves *perilously*, as with gaming; or *frivolously*, as with walking up and down a street at a watering place? or *malevolently*, as by teazing their wives and children. It is impossible to support, for any length of time, a state of perfect *ennui*. The curse of idleness is the eternal disposition to think of self. Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? If you live to seventy-two, your life is spent in the following manner:—An hour a day is three years; this makes twenty-seven years sleeping; nine years dressing; nine years at table; six years playing with children; nine years walking, drawing, and visiting; six years shopping; and three years quarrelling."

But though, as we have seen, Sydney Smith attributed a large share of man's unhappiness to ill-health, he himself did not allow the infirmities of age to sour his temper. At the end of a letter to an old friend he adds playfully, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well."

We have enumerated some of the ways in which this good man wisely used his wit. He had learned how *desipere in loco*, an Horatian expression which has been happily turned by the Scotch phrase, "Weel-timed, daffin."

> "Not in vain hath he lived, whose beneficent mirth
> Hath lightened the frowns and the furrows of earth."

BRIEF AND VARIOUS.

GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

SECRECY is not in itself a crime. It is objectionable to all candid, straghtforward, honest minds; but there may be circumstances where absolutism or tyranny render such unavoidable when a reform is sought for. Secret societies, such as Illuminati, Carbonari, Jacobins, and others, have existed and will always exist, whether for theological, political, moral, scientific, or other purposes. Freemasonry is a secret society, yet its conduct and purports have hitherto, previous to the late action of a lodge on the Continent, been eminently pious and moral. When secret societies advocate or tolerate assassination, they utterly transend the pale of all that is good and moral, and they not only expose themselves to be contemned and abhorred by all right-minded persons, but they are at once execrated by all mankind.

Not knowing precisely what German Socialism is, it would be as unfair to assume that all Socialists are in favour of regicide, as it would have been to assert that because some Jaocbites advocated William of Orange being removed by violence, all the gentry who were in favour of the restoration of the House of Stuart were also advocates of assassination. But German Socialism, whatever may be its secret tenets, or whatever its objects, if it is capable of arousing, without even abetting, such homicidal fanaticism as has been recently shown, comes unquestionably under this latter category.

The position of Prussia and Germany is unquestionably, in regard to home policy, a very perplexing one. It is like, on a greater scale, the position of Great Britain, as a ruling power, in the sister island, where two forms of religion stand opposed to one another, and no amount of concession made on the one side can conciliate the other—where the one affects a kind of Nihilism —itself or nothing—and politics, history, morality, and education, are all subjected to one master sentiment—they must be in accordance with, and in submission to our religious views, or we will have nothing of them.

The state of things in Germany is not, however, precisely the same. They do not propose there to disestablish a loyal and a State Church in order to conciliate a party which is not to be conciliated. But the Protestants of Prussia and of Germany have reason to believe that steps are being taken by which the ill-starred

war of religion—which has so grievously hindered Germany's inner development, and which was kindled and kept alive by the Liberal party—is to be put an end to by means of an understanding between Rome and Berlin.

This belief or impression has caused great trepidation in the ranks of the Liberals, who are but too prone to raise a cry of alarm, even when there is no real danger, and what is more to be regretted, it has caused a want of confidence in the Prussian and Imperial Government to be widely spread amongst even the more thoughtful of the Protestant community. This state of things induces the Liberal party to rise in arms against any law or regulation which is proposed by Government, and which does not happen to fit in with their doctrines, as something reactionary, or leading to an accommodation; and they manifest this jealous dread of innovation whenever Government proceeds with or proposes a measure.

If the Ultramontane centre, which in Parliament makes war upon the Government, could be conciliated, all opposition would cease, and the Imperial party would at once gain sufficient numbers to secure for them a working majority. Parliament may be dissolved in the presence of the horrors of repeated attempts on the life of an aged and beloved monarch, or a real or imaginary conspiracy against the lives of the family; but the certainty of a working majority might not thereby so effectually be secured as by an offensive and defensive alliance entered into with the Roman Catholics.

Hence arises the political turbulence which with fanatics attains to the proportions of crime. The Jesuits still have the upper hand in the Vatican; but there are symptoms that the Pope is anxious, by a pretended "villegiatura," to withdraw himself from he pressure, and to enter alike upon conciliatory measures with the Government of Italy as well as with that of Germany. Indications are not wanting—are, indeed, multiplying—that if the life of the present Pontiff is spared it will not be very long before compromises are entered upon. The mere idea of such compromises between the Roman Church and the German Government suffices to drive the Protestant Liberals more and more into Opposition, whilst the so called "National Liberals," are led by their convictions, and hostility to the government of Prince Bismarck, to assume the mien of *Frondeurs*. It will be remembered that in the rebellion that arose against Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin, during the minority of Louis XIV., even Princes of the Blood were numbered in "*La Fronde*," as it was termed; and it would be a great mistake to suppose that there are no persons of eminence of distinction affianced to the National Liberal party in Prussia Attempts made to strangle such a national party by Draconian

laws will, in all probability, only serve to increase its numbers augment its energy, and embolden it in acts of retributive aggression and violence. The way to conciliation has never yet lain, permanently, through restrictive measures or vindictive persecution.

Every thing points towards the surmise that the German nation s approaching a period of conflict similar to that which shook Prussia to its very foundations from 1862 to 1866—a conflict which will be only hastened by the dissolution of the German Parliament The Social Democrats are not solely to blame for this state o things. They are themselves only the offspring of the Libera legislation, which has shaken all relations to their very basement, and in the place of the abolished laws has created new ones, which themselves, again, were so crude, as to require improvement before they had experienced the trial of even a year or two. Nothing is in reality more contrary to the truth than the assertion of the Liberal speakers, that Liberalism is not the progenitor of Socialism. Who was it who re-introduced in Central Europe the cant of the Republicans of the last century—the motto which the Social Democracy now parades.—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity?" The Liberal papers for the year 1848-1850 contain all the trite and current phrases with which the Social Democratic press at present sullies its columns. The same coarse attacks on Royalty and Religion, which are now a days laid to the charge of Socialists, disfigure the denunciations of the Citizen Liberalism of 1848. The charge now raised against Socialists—namely, that it undermines State authority—must also be brought against the Liberalism of those days. Liberalism is, therefore, beyond all doubt, the father of the Socialism of to-day; and it is more amusing than surprising to find a man of ability, like Herr von Bennigsen, denying any relations whatever between the two. Both parties – that of the National Liberals, and that of the Social Democrats,—repudiate any connexion whatever with Hödel and Nobiling. This attests, at all events, that as public bodies they not only do not advocate, but that they altogether repudiate acts of violence.

The attempt made to show that Prince Bismarck himself was an upholder of Socialism savours too much of personal political antagonism to be to our liking. Yet there is some truth in it. With a view to turning to account the Socialistic consequences of Liberalism, for the benefit of the State, he supported the Lassalle agitation with means of every description, in order to lead "the fourth estate of the poor and miserable" into the field against Liberalism. The grant of a general franchise on the occasion of founding the new German Empire was a trump-card which the then Count Bismarck played against the Liberals, but which the latter celebrated as a triumph of their own exertions. The work-

ing men, of course, sought to draw the greatest possible advantages for their purposes out of this war of interests between Liberalism and the Government, and at present are a force to be counted by hundreds of thousands. The solid march of the "working men battalions," with which Privy Councillor Wagner, threatened Liberalism, has now become a positive reality.

The danger of Democratic Socialism having manifested itself in too clear a light to be longer overlooked, Prince Bismarck endeavoured to combat it by a Conservative Socialism. At almost all the universities chairs were created for Political Economy, which were entrusted to the hands of so-called pulpit Socialists, who laid down the Socialistic doctrines in the spirit of Protestant orthodoxy and of true loyalty. The Ultramontanes amalgamated the Socialistic doctrines with Roman Catholic dogma, and thus each of these otherwise Conservative parties sought to make use of the working classes by means of specially prepared Socialistic doctrines of salvation, for their own political purposes.

But the leaders of the working classes were too clever to allow themselves to be caught either by one side or the other; they utilised the errors and mistakes of the Conservatives, of the Ultramontanes, and Liberals, and command now an army of zealous Socialists who believe implicitly in them.

Whilst the Government chaplains were seeking to gain over the Socialists, they themselves were calling upon the people to withdraw from the territorial church, and the Kultur-kampf sprang up in opposition to the Cultus-gemeinden.

Government was reduced in 1875 to demand exceptional laws to meet the evils of Socialism but whilst the National Liberal majority was ready enough to pass a clause in the penal code which banished the Jesuits out of Germany, it refused to pass a clause for the suppression of Socialistic agitation.

These are conditions which eat into the body of the German Empire like an ulcer, and they have already done a damage which is irreparable. The two attempts made, so soon the one after the other, upon the life of a beloved and aged monarch, has, however, suddenly roused all minds to a sense of horror and dismay at the progress which Socialism has made, and a specific is sought for on all sides, against an evil which it is averred has already even affected the army. Scarcely had the news of the first attempt upon the Emperor's life spread abroad than another exceptional law was drawn up against the Socialists. This was once more met by the cry of re-action from the Liberal camp, and once more the bill was rejected by the National Liberals. The Social Democrats did not even take a part in the discussion. The Ultramontanes would only give their support on condition that the Falck Laws were

abolished. Now that a second attempt has intensified the horror entertained at the progress of Socialism, Prince Bismarck has deemed that a favourable opportunity presents itself to dissolve Parliament altogether, and to proceed to new elections—time alone can show with what results. It is to be hoped it will be in favour of peace and order. But with a system of conscription for military service which admits of no substitutes; with religion and educational scepticism carried so far that even science and history are accused of falsification, and with a depressed state of trade and business, the law, the police, and the military, may keep down any dangerous movement; but it will take time to eradicate the evil. It is the social disease of the day in Germany, and if debarred from publicity, it will, till overcome, be all the more to be feared when acting in secret. At all events, a severe crisis may be said to be awaiting an empire of only eight years' standing.

THE POLICY OF THE CONGRESS.

It is a most remarkable fact, and one at the same time that is not a little encouraging to the future, that the Liberal papers should suddenly have discovered when a Congress was decided upon, that Great Britain had interests in the East beyond the maintenance of the Suez Canal, the opening of the Dardenelles, and the navigation of the Persian Gulf. The policy to be pursued by the English Government at the Congress urged itself to the front, and those who had been declaiming against all and every step made by that government to allay the ravages of war, to stem the progress of ambition, and, if possible, to bring about peace, found that the door being opened for arrangement, it was incumbent on their part to have a policy also.

The programme of such a policy was set forth in considerable detail in the *Times*, has since been actively canvassed in the Liberal political circles, and although it will present little novelty to our readers, it has excited surprise among those, who solely occupied with opposition, in the questions of the day, took no heed of the future, nor concerned themselves in any way with ultimate results.

It has been discovered, then, at the last moment, that whatever becomes of the Treaty of San Stefano in a European Congress, a large part of the political changes expressed in it—it may be said, indeed, the one central change upon which all its minor re-arrangements depend—must remain unaffected by the deliberations and decisions of the Powers. Assume, it is argued, that the convention between Russia and the Porte be modified to the utmost; assume that "concession" be carried by the former Power to the furthest conceivable and beyond the furthest probable point—and there

would still subsist enough of its provisions to transform entirely the relations which obtained between Russia and Turkey down to 1877. Turkey would become and remain the dependent of Russia throughout her European dominions; or, rather, it would be correct to say that Turkey would cease to be a European Power at all. Cut and carve new Bulgaria as we may, confine the Russianised portion of it within as narrow limits as we can, and as thoroughly as we will, and still the position of Russia will be that of a strong Power which, by a series of successful wars, has pushed its influence further and further into the territory of a weaker neighbour, until it holds that neighbour's capital virtually at its mercy. It is overlooked, in this argument, that by Russia's possession of the Trans-Caucasian provinces, as also of the greater part of Armenia, that Turkey, and even Persia, are just as much threatened as Asiatic Powers, as the former is by the Russianisation of Bulgaria and Servia, threatened as a European Power.

And here comes the sudden light which has been cast over the Liberal party. This position they have discovered to be intolerable, and to this country more obviously so than to any other. For since it is certain that, after all, the Congress must assent in a more or less disguised form to the extinction of Turkey as an independent European Power, it results that when the various European interests thereby exposed to attack have been safeguarded as best they may, the Eastern Question of the future will become purely Asiatic and exclusively our own. South of the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea, the advance of Russia would infringe upon no single interest which was not an English interest, and upon none, therefore, which any other Power but England is concerned in protecting. In such a state of things as that it would be impossible for us to acquiesce, whatever the rest of Europe might do; and we are designated therefore by the circumstances of our Empire, as the Power which, by the assumption of *new* influence to itself, must balance the influence conquered for herself by Russia.

That some such balance must be provided, is taken to be so clear as to be hardly worth arguing. It is not to be thought of, that, after all the bloodshed and turmoil and anxiety of the last three years, the Eastern Question should be patched up on terms which will allow Russia to renew the old game of intrigue and conquest a few years hence, and from a newly-acquired position of immense advantage. That no European Power should consent to, and England least of all. An end must be put to this insufferable recurrent series of Panslavist conspiracies, Turkish atrocities, and Russian invasions; and, the last attack having prospered as it has, there is no longer any way but one of breaking through the circle. We cannot set back Russian influence behind the bounds which ill-

confined it two years ago; we cannot prevent the establishment, however we may curtail the area, of the new Russian outpost south of the Danube—a Servia within easy reach of its suzerain's heart; but all the more need therefore that Europe should begin to push forward its own outposts to meet those of Russia. Wherever the frontier line be drawn by the Congress, whether in Europe or Asia, there, it should be well understood, a halt is called to the advance of Russia, and any step further will bring her into collision with a European Power.

But treaties alone will not ensure resistance to continued aggression. The Power which may be looked to, to keep such a frontier inviolate, must be present to guard it—present, that is to say, morally, if not materially. What arrangement of this sort can be devised for the protection of the remnant of Turkey in Europe it is not exactly presumed to determine, but such an arrangement is declared to be clearly practicable in Asia, and England is the Power which should claim, as she certainly might be trusted, to superintend it. Russia, wherever her new Asiatic frontier be drawn, should be strictly confined within it for the future; and this cannot be done save by providing that she shall not overstep it without being immediately confronted by some Power of greater moral influence, and far greater material strength than herself.

The *Daily News*, which it is well-known represents a large section of the Liberals, almost alone withholds its countenance from this courageous policy. Some of our contemporaries, it observes, who have been for months very properly objecting to the seizure of Asiatic Turkey by Russia, have discovered that it is indispensable that England should at once assume the government of all Turkey henceforth and for ever. We say "assume the government of Turkey," not that this precise phraseology is employed, but the proposal is made in terms which admit of no other meaning. We are not only "to assert our influence," but exercise a regulative authority over Turkish administration, sufficient to ensure good government, and to do so to the exclusion of any other Power. "We are in no haste to discuss this singular proposal; . . . but as this scheme has not been brought forward without some purpose, it may not be amiss to suggest that it would be better to continue to treat the affairs of Turkey as the common interest of Europe."

From the other side—the Conservative—we have the following clear and bold language, reminding us of what England was before it became pseudo-sentimental and pseudo-philanthropic, socialising and sanitarianising—in fact, pre-eminently and almost solely parochial. "The East is coming closer to us, not receding; and the Imperial Power which does not augment, spread, broaden,

and strengthen, must most surely dwindle and decay. It is not within our choice, holding such a sovereignty as that of Britain, to shun its duties and shirk its glories. We must increase or diminish, wax or wane, in the vast rule committed to us by Heaven's will and the deeds of noble byegone Englishmen; we cannot stop fast and stagnate while the world rolls on, and while history offers to us tasks worthy of the immense capacities of our race, and the store of unused energy in our midst. We might administer Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Islands, for their ruler and their populations better by far than the Romans, who made them granaries and treasure-houses. We could keep the peace between races and religions with less friction than any governing agency known in old or in new times; for where we come roads and traffic follow, sails whiten the seas, and cities are built in calm security. With half our Empire lying under the rising and half under the setting sun, it is too late to call Anatolia and the Euphrates Valley 'far away,' or to blind ourselves to the truth that this Russian war must be the last fought against a neglected and undeveloped Turkey. Day by day India and England come nearer each other in relations, interests, and events; between them lie those capable regions which are the high road of our wealth and power, and they must not be again endangered; but to secure this the policy of England henceforth must cease to be peddling and parochial, whoever governs. We covet no territory, we tolerate all faiths, and we wish their natural development secured to all races; but in return for faithful and useful friendship from the Ottoman Empire we can give it repose, progress, prosperity; and it will be cheaper for us to manage an extra dozen of provinces than to be always saving them from ruin and seizure. In this recent diplomatic incident something of the hidden power of Great Britain has been seen; but something of her political resources as a friend and protectress of the Eastern world remains to be manifested by-and-bye. Let those, therefore, who understand, even tardily, the magnitude of the events which are passing sustain and animate responsible statesmen in their purpose to evoke peace for Asia and profit for mankind out of a sanguinary chaos which else would seem utterly fruitless and deplorable."

This from the *Daily Telegraph*, and it is eloquently penned, and that in a truly patriotic spirit. Another Conservative paper, the *Standard*, views the proposition with repugnance. "We have no objection to England accepting responsibility," says this organ of public opinion, "within reasonable limits, for the better government of Turkey; but we do not wish to see this responsibility rewarded with spoil, in order that others may filch territorial profit from the situation." "Yet a Congress, under existing conditions,

means a compromise; and a compromise easily takes the form of a division of plunder. It would be truly lamentable if Europe were spared an intrepid struggle only to find itself the mistress of a cowardly dismemberment." Then, again, *à propos* of a paragraph in the *Agence Russe*, to the effect that it is the wish of the Powers that the Congress may be "an areopagus in which the Eastern Question may meet with serious and elevated discussion," the same paper argues that this may be intended "to prepare us not so much for a revision of the Treaty of San Stefano as a new division of power in the East, on the principle, so greatly favoured in some quarters, of parallel conquests. If any thing of this kind is contemplated, if there is any design by concessions to England in the shape of a British Protectorate of Turkey, or suggestions for increased dominion by her in the East, to inveigle her into a participation of the plunder, the responsibility which falls upon her MAJESTY'S Government in consenting to the Conference is great, and the evil of keeping Parliament in absolute ignorance of the transactions until it is completed can hardly be exaggerated."

We fail to see in the proposed arrangement any thing that resembles "parallel conquests," which policy, if had recourse to at the onset, might, it is argued, have saved the world from witnessing a painful and sanguinary war. It is not conquest that is meant, but protection. If Great Britain had, as urged upon her at a crisis in our relations with the Russian forces, closed the Dardanelles by occupying Lemnos, Tenedos, or Mytilene, or have landed troops in Crete or on the mainland of either European or Asiatic Turkey, there would have been forcible, even if temporary, occupation. It would have been impossible to go to war without such; but in the present instance nothing warlike is intended. There would be no "filching of territorial profit," for the territory would remain with the Turks and Christians. Nor would there be "division of plunder" a "cowardly dismemberment;" but just the opposite, the protection of Turkey, securing her against further spoilation, beyond what European policy might determine to be due, to Russia in Bulgaria and Armenia, to Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and to Greece in Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia. As to Bessarabia, Batum, and Kars, they are points of importance, and worthy of discussion, but not worth the sacrifice of more lives—if possible. The scurvily treated Romanians on the one side, and the warlike mountaineers of Lazistan, descendents of the old Greek kingdom of Prebizond, may still object by force of arms to the proposed annexation. Kars does not command the highway to Persia; but it holds it in abeyance.

The circumstances of the case are such that it is utterly impos-

sible to place a barrier to the incessant advance of Russia save by a power capable of opposing such. Such a power would not be found in the dismemberment of Turkey, and in the rule of princes over limited provinces. Nor can it be found in the Porte unless that power be protected. There are, then, only the alternatives of war, conquest, or protection. The last would be the least costly both in life and treasure. If the revenues of Turkey suffice for the extravagant expenditure of Sultan, Pashas, and other minor and greedy officials, they would equally suffice for a better-regulated administration. Then collection would be justly proportioned, and the amount would soon augment under judicious management, and when collected the revenue would not be squandered. The Turkish bondholder should rejoice at such a prospect. Above all, good government being ensured, peace and prosperity would follow, one of the finest countries in the world be opened to commerce and agriculture, mines and forests would be turned to profitable account, and all the wondrous resources of the land would be gathered in for the welfare of the world at large, instead of being wasted in the luxury of harems and other sensual indulgences.

STEEL ROLLING EXTRAORDINARY.

SOME time ago a considerable sensation was made in the iron trade by the production, in the Krupp Rolling Works, at Essen, of 340 tons of steel rails in a single day. When the German Emperor visited these works last November this mass of steel was arranged as a trophy representing the greatest weight of rails ever known to have been produced by a single firm in one day. We learn from the *Journal de Liége* that the feat has been surpassed in the Seraing Works, where 365 tons of steel rails have been recently produced in a single day. What makes the latter feat more remarkable is that this rate of production was maintained for six successive days, the enormous quantity of 2054 tons of steel rails being turned out of the machines in one week. One Belgian firm can, therefore, produce from 80,000 to 100,000 tons of rails per annum.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Mr. C. B. Holland, Managing Director to Brown, Bailey, and Dixon, Limited, of Sheffield, writes to us in connection with the above statement, that at Brown's Works they have rolled as much as 386 tons in the twenty-four hours in *one* mill, and there is no reason why this rate of rolling should not be maintained. It would appear from this that we are not so far behindhand in this country as some people suppose. It is also to be observed that no mention is made of how many mills were employed at

Essen and at the Seraing Works in producing less than what was accomplished by one mill at Sheffield.

ROLLED IN ONE MILL.

	Rails.		Weight. Tns.	ct.	qr.
Day turn.....	668	.....	190	3	1
Night turn	691	.....	196	11	2
Total rails	1359	Tons	386	14	3

ANCIENT EMPORIA IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

It appears that unusually heavy rains in the southern parts of Madras have brought to light the ruins of several old settlements, more especially near the mouth of the Tamarapurin river, where lies the site of old Kayal, the emporium of South India in the time of Marco Polo, and now about a mile and a half from the sea. But what is more curious, as shewing the increase of land on the same coast within historical times, is that a still more important city, called Kolkoi, by the Greek merchants, and noticed by Ptolemy and the author of the "Periplus," (see Col. Yule's Notes: "Marco Polo"), stood at a distance of, now, two or three miles up the river, and the whole intervening space between Kayal and Kolkoi (or Korkai, as it is now called), exhibits traces of ancient dwellings. The people of Kayal insist that their city (Sir Emerson Tennant notices it under the name of Kailpatam, and describes it as the first settlement of the Moors in India, using the term as significative of half Arab, half native Mahommadans of Ceylon; whereas it is derived from Moghribu, including Algeria and Morocco) was originally so large as to include Kolkoi; but the tradition with the inhabitants of the latter place is more likely that their city was a seaport, but as the sea retired, so it also followed it, till it reached Kayal. In Tamil the word *Kayal* means a lagoon, and was correctly applied to a port situated as Kayal was, although the lagoons are now more or less dry. Dean Vincent in his "Periplus" ("*The Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients*" vol. ii. p. 502), suggests the etymology of "Koil" a temple, and that "Koil," "Kôlis" of Dionysius, "Kolkoi," of Ptolemy, and Kalli-gicum, the seat of the Pearl Fishery, are related. For Kalli-gicum, Salmasius reads, Kôliakon. (*Plin., Ex.* p. 1,113); and he adds, "*Præter alia hac re moveor Kôliakous vel Kôliakous veterum, esse recentiorum Kôlkous.*" Bishop Caldwall has recently carried on some interesting archæological researches in the locality.

THE KISS OF PEACE.

COURTS or tribunals existed in France in the Middle Ages, and, indeed, up to the eighteenth century, in some few towns, the judges of which were Pacificators, and they traced their origin to *la Paix de Dieu.* The Abbé Dehaisnes, Archivist of the Departement du Nord, speaks of these courts as follows in his "*Essai sur le Magistrat de Douai*" (*Coll. de Mémoires lus à la Sorbonne en* 1869).

In ages still bordering on barbarism, when implacable hatreds divided families in the same town or country, the creation of *Paiseurs* or Pacificators was an act eminently useful and Christian. The wise magistrates ordered those, whose hatred or vengeance was dreaded, to appear before his tribunal in a chapel, and there, at the foot of the altar, they insisted upon their declaring a truce, swearing them on the Gospel. Sometimes both parties in a feud were summoned to the holy sanctuary, and enemies supposed to be irreconcileable were obliged to forgive, and to exchange the kiss of peace in the presence of the tribunal. (It is possibly from this ancient custom that the French still adhere to the ceremony of embracing one another upon exceptional occasions.) Very severe laws were enacted against those who violated their oath taken before the *Paiseurs.* The institution became less useful as people became more civilised, and by the sixteenth century few cases were referred to this Court of Peace.

A CHINESE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

IN an Itinerary from Chung-Ching to Yun-nan-fu, by Mr. Rocher, published in the *Bull. de la Soc. de Geographie* for December 1877; the author describes the town of Pi-chié, as having a bad reputation among the limitrophal provinces of the flowery empire. Mandarins, and others, are said to frequent the place in search of a second, or even a third, wife. After the departure of the rebels, misery reduced many of the inhabitants to part with their daughters for hard cash. The same state of things continuing, it soon became the custom in numerous households t get rid of useless mouths, after the same fashion, and thus gradually the town became what may be designated as the great matrimonial mart of the country. Special houses were constituted as establishments for the reception of girls whose feet had, notwithstanding the poverty of their parents, been put to torture, in the hopes of procuring advantageous alliances for them. These girls are placed under the charge of matrons, who board and clothe

them, and act as intermediators with purchasers, charging a moderate commission upon the sales thus effected.

That strange people—the Miao-tzu—dwell around this unfortunate city, amidst hills that are carefully cultivated, and which produce fruits, maize, millet, and potatoes. They also manufacture wine to be sold in the town. In winter they likewise supply the place with fire-wood. Mr. Rocher describes these people as being both active and vigorous. They are short in stature, but quick in their movements, and the expression of their countenances is at once intelligent and grave. The women have regular features. They carry their children tied to their backs by a linen wrapper, and adorn their persons with large silver earrings. Both men and women wear their hair alike, brushing it all back, and then twisting it into a kind of chignon. The men, however, distinguish themselves by wearing bright-coloured turbans, above which rise up little conical hats. The women wear a short linen petticoat, and a cap of same material. The men wear a linen blouse, tightened round the waist, and coming down to the knees. Both sexes wear sandals of straw, without stockings.

In the same neighbourhood the Miao-tzu are busily employed in digging for coal. Each family opens its separate galleries, which never go beyond a depth of 80 yards into the side of the hills. Very rarely a number of families unite together, and then they carry their shafts to a distance of 180 to 200 yards. Mr. Rocher also says that they work actively in the extraction of argentiferous galena, from veins said to be very productive; but want of capital, and the fear of being robbed, do not permit them to give any extension to this branch of industry.

AMENITIES BETWEEN TWO RIVAL MAGAZINES IN OLDEN TIMES.

LETTER in the "London Magazine" of February, 1739, vol 8:

"Whereas that notorious quack, Dr. Urban, author of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' falsely so called, hath acquainted the public in his last heap of lumber (preface to the supplement for 1738) that he will not steal any more 'Common Sense' from the journal printed by Purser, in White Friars, I hope he will be so good as to extend the same compassion towards the 'Craftsman,' printed by Goreham, in Fleet Street; for pirating and mangling at the same time are very provoking, and too much like the practice of the Spaniards towards our poor seamen. But, if Dr. Urban should ever be at a loss for matter to stuff up his magazine, he may be amply supplied with it at Messrs. Haines, Hinton, and Rayner's office, the upper end of Bow Street, Covent Garden, which I give him full liberty to pirate, and defy him to mangle.

"CAL. D'ANVERS.

"N.B.—The Doctor's poetical puff, in our last, was inserted without my knowledge and *paid for*."

Postcript to the letter in "Common Sense" of February 24th, No. 108 (printed in the "London Magazine" February, 1739):

"Soon after this paper made its first appearance, the ministerial hirelings were employed to fall upon it. The 'Gazetteers' soon abused us into the good opinion of the world; for the public knew we must be friends to liberty, otherwise they would not have been our enemies. Finding they could not hurt us this way, they tried another, which, we must own, had a better effect. The 'Gentleman's Magazine,' alias Mr. Urban, was ordered to deface and mangle what they could not answer. He performed his part without the least mercy. Both the 'Craftsman' and we suffer monthly under his cruel hands; he hath diligently cut out all those parts where the strength of our argument lay; so that those who have read our discourse nowhere but in his felonious extract would be puzzled to know which side of the question we write for; and, indeed, this was the sole method by which they could hurt our credit with the public.

"When we have the misfortune of meeting with a highwayman, we don't much regret our money, if he robs like a gentleman; but Urban robs like a ruffian. He lives by what he steals from us, and yet abuses us, so that we must call out to him at the end of every month: '*Good Urban, take our money, but spare our limbs!*'

"Some of Mr. Urban's country readers having begun to discover his foul play, with respect to 'Common Sense,' and his sale being thereby diminished, it made him lately say, in a pet, he would steal no more; and, indeed, in his last monthly collection he hath spared 'The School of Politics, or Pantalon made a Minister,' a paper which happened to take so well with the public that, when it grew scarce, a great many single copies were sold for twelve pence a-piece; but Urban, who is a man of taste, says that 'Common Sense' is sad stuff, and it must be owned that, whatever falls into his hands, will be sad stuff before he has done with it; so that we may say to him, as Martial did to one who had not used his work half so ill as Urban hath treated us:

"'Hic mens est, O Fidentius, libellus;
Sed male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.'"

"London Magazine," March, 1739.

From my chambers.

"I readily concur with my friend, 'Common Sense,' in recommending the 'London Magazine' in opposition to that farrago of

nonsense and stupidity the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' being very desirous that, if my writings are to be published or abridged by anybody but myself, they may be set in a fair and impartial light, which Dr. Urban and his authors are not capable of doing. Let them criticise and caval and misrepresent as long as they please, but *direct theft and murder* at the same time are not to be endured, either by the laws of God or man.

"CAL. D'ANVERS."

A Postscript.

"A second volume of 'Common Sense' is now published, where the curious may read those excellent discourses at large, and without the cruel mutilations of that notorious pirate, Dr. Urban, who is not content with getting an infamous livelihood, like his brother Turpin, by robbing and stealing, but abuses, maims, and murders people at the same time. Every author, therefore, is concerned in interest to oppose such a *barbarous thief*, and pursue him with an *hue and cry* through the whole nation.

"CAL. D'ANVERS."

P.S.—The writer in "Harper's Bazaar," quoted by Mr. Cecil Maxwell-Lyte, in an article on "Magazines of Pope's Time" ("Colburn's New Monthly," No. LXXV.), can scarcely be correct in naming 1740 as the year when the "Gentleman's" was first published, since it appears from the foregoing that a dispute had been going on for some time in 1739 between the latter and the "London."

The volume for 1739 of the "London" is numbered vol. 8, so that magazine must have been started in 1732, and the "Gentleman's" is credited with being the oldest magazine we have, so that it must have been begun before that epoch. The title of the "London," headed with a woodcut of old London Bridge, was the "London Magazine, or Gentleman's Monthly Remembrancer." Amongst the distinguished contributors, at an early period of its existence, Mr. Gray must have been one, for in the volume of 1751 (March), there appears anonymously "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "The curfew tolls the knell," &c. The first number of "Colburn's *New* Monthly Magazine, was, we believe, published in January 1821, so that this periodical has been in existence seven years over the half-century.

A MEMORIAL OF ST. PAUL.

THE missions in Western Asia are now mainly in the hands of the Americans, but one belonging to an English com-

munity particularly attracts our attention. This is Dr. and Mrs. Holt Yates's mission schools at Suwaidiyah or Suédiah, the site and corrupted name of Seleucia Pieria, and founded, in fact, as a memorial of the footsteps of St. Paul, who embarked for Cyprus at that spot. A more beautiful position it is difficult to imagine. At the mouth of the river Orontes, whose waters come down to the coast through a wooded and precipitous pass, with an old monastery on the adjacent heights—at the entrance of the most available and almost only open passage into the interior presented by the long line of coast—flanked by the lofty wood-clad Amanus on the one side, and by Mount Casius, sparkling with snow till nigh midsummer,—a more charming or attractive valley does not exist on the face of the earth. Here Mr. Consul Barker made himself a home, and the late Dr. Holt Yates established a sanatorium, which has since been converted into mission schools, under the guidance of his excellent widow. This mission, commenced in 1846, in co-operation with the American missionaries of Beirut, Latakiyah, and Antioch, has, we rejoice to find by a report recently forwarded to us, got through the troubles of the past year, and except for some sad losses among those working in the good cause, appears to be getting on fairly, and only, like most charitable institutions, wants more funds to extend its usefulness. This, it is to be noted, embraces, besides the schools, a dispensary —a great boon—for there is no other provision made for the sick; no refuge for the blind, the cripple, or bed-ridden; nor any appliances for surgical cases in all the country round, not even at Antioch.

As in other parts of the country, some outbreak of Muhammadan fanaticism against the Christians was daily anticipated, and yet the mission work has gone on with uninterrupted calmness. Yet here, as elsewhere, when the able-bodied Moslems were called to arms, they could not understand why they should have to go so far away to kill Christians when there were plenty at their doors. The idea seems like an irony upon wars, with which so much religious rancour is always commingled.

It was otherwise in the mountain. There the Ansairii or Nosairii were in open rebellion against the Government. They elected their own chief, and appropriated the taxes to themselves. A Circassian general was sent against them; seventy villages were destroyed, the cattle driven off, everything involved in one common ruin. Men not in arms were shot down like dogs, and their children, when they cried for their parents, were "sent to them." This expression, used by one of the missionaries, seems quaint, yet it is exact to the letter; for we are told that one soldier, when ordered to take some children to their parents, was

simple or humane enough to believe he was ordered to take them to see their bodies, and he was threatened with death himself unless he shot down the orphans—that being their version of "children being taken to their parents!"

The locusts—the scourge of the East—came to add to the sufferings of the survivors. They eat up everything save the wheat. So thick were they in some parts, that we are actually told that these herbivorous insects turned omnivorous, and "even ate a little child while its mother was away at some work!"

Be this, however, as it may (poor ignorant mountaineers are ready to give credit to almost anything), there can be no doubt that the Turkish rule is breaking up in all its fastnesses—from Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia to Kurdistan, Armenia, the Hauran, the Lebanon, and the Ansairii; that now, also, is the time for missionary work; for the poor people are so grateful to have the assistance and sympathy so much needed in a time like this, when they are suffering from the rigours of their own government, as well as from those imposed upon them by the robbery and oppression, the avidity and greed, of the enemy. Need we say, then, how much we wish success to a mission which is quietly and peacefully doing its blessed work in "*our* beautiful valley"—even the Ansairii, we are pathetically told, "around *our* valley are at peace."

THE CUTTLE-FISH—THE HYDRA OF MYTHOLOGY.

We recently gave some recorded instances of the occasional enormous proportions attained by the cuttle-fish. Since then, we have met with an interesting *rapprochment*, established by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, *à propos* of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, in No. 111 Vol. viii, of the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries*, between the cuttle-fish and the hydra. "The great monument," Mr. Lloyd is reported to have said, which illustrates the connection of Greek history and Greek legend is the marvellous and immortal poetry of Homer. The Greece of which we here have notice, the Greece of Agamemnon and of the beseigers of Troy, is an Achæan Greece; and of this period, therefore, the most usual name is Achæan. That period of Achæan predominance stands between two others; between a remoter mythical and a later historical; between the Dorian period, during which Greece was moulded into its familiar historic form by the consequences of the invasion of the Dorians, and an anterior period for the blurred outlines of which we can only go back to legends. Now the invasion of the Dorians produced as great a change in Achæan Greece as the invasion of the Normans

produced in Saxon England. But Homer keeps all reference to this revolution in the background; indeed, he suppresses it entirely—no doubt, as out of keeping with his subject. This subject was connected with the legends of the earlier period, and when we go to his legends, and to the traditions which are copiously preserved in other quarters, there is a consensus of evidence that the Achæan dynasty of Agamemnon, or whatever family Agamemnon may represent, superseded a previous dynasty of ancient standing at Mycenæ. This dynasty the Dorian invasion was represented as restoring. Under the title of the return to the Heracleids, it is known as an expedition undertaken to reinstate in their legitimate inheritance a family that claimed descent from Hercules. Placing, then, as I have said, more reliance upon legend than we previously have done, we may find some reason for connecting antiquities at Mycenæ with periods anterior to the age of Agamemnon—to entertain the question, in fact, whether they do not belong to the age when the dynasty of Mycenæ was the primæval Heracleid or Herculean dynasty. Frankly speaking, I am for my own part any inclined to refer the antiquities discovered by Dr. Schliemann to a period before the Achæan, and to believe that what he has brought to light are the remains of *fortes*, who *vixére ante Agamemnona*.

"My general impression, which I have gatheredfrom other considerations, has been very much confirmed by the symbols already alluded to. I had conversation with Mr. Newton, the other morning at the Museum, and he was kind enough to point out the close agreement of many of these objects from Mycenæ with others from Ialysos in Rhodes, including the recurrence of this curious symbol, the cuttle-fish?" I could not make anything of it at the time; but, on thinking the matter over afterwards, I have come to a conclusion which may, perhaps, seem a little far-fetched, or, indeed, very far-fetched. I have, nevertheless, much confidence in my conclusion. I believe that in that cuttle-fish we have a primeval symbol, which was adopted for some reason or other in this Herculean period, which preceded the Achæan of Agamemnon. This inference is quite in harmony with its occurrence at Ialysos. All tradition connects the earliest colonisation of Ialysos with the reputed family of Hercules. That there was a connection between Lindos and Mycenæ in very early times is indeed beyond doubt, for Homer proves his cognisance of the tradition when he tells that Ptopolemus, a son of Hercules, led the people of Ialysos and Lindos to Troy. We may now go back to the cuttle-fish. I really am almost afraid I shall raise a smile or something more demonstrative. I turn to books of natural history, and I believe the cuttle-fish is in reality the original symbol which was developed afterwards by poetry into the many-headed hydra, which Hercules was fabled to

have killed with difficulty, from the renewal of the heads as fast as severed. It is, in fact, the octopus, which reaches an extraordinary magnitude in the Greek seas. The Greeks call the octopus a polypus, and the naturalists of our own time have adopted that name for a little creature, of certain similarity in appearance, which inhabits stagnant ponds and pools like that of Lerna, and which is sometimes called hydra. You may divide this animal almost indefinitely, but only to multiply it. I confess to a conviction that the cuttle-fish symbol of Mycenæ was ultimately developed by some such analogy into the hydra of the hero of Mycena."

The labours of Hercules will, with the progress of time, be all brought within the domain of reasonable explanation. It is now over thirty years since writing a description of the ancient harbour of Heraclea, now Harakli, in Bithynia, it was pointed out that we have the key there to one of the poetically described labours of Hercules, the dragging of the many-headed dog Cerberus (the fruit, by-the-bye, like the many-headed hydra, of Echidna's union with Typhon) from the lower regions. Xenophon notices Heraclea as the seat of the tradition, and he writes it as if Hercules had reduced or subjected the animal—alluding to the river Lycus—that of the wolf or dog,—which may by his labours have been rendered a safe port, most probably by excavating a place of refuge, and thus bringing the several mouths of the turbulent stream, now known as the Gawur Irmak, or "Infidel's river," under control. ("Travels and Researches in Asia Minor," &c., Vol. I, p. 40.)

A DRAGON LAKE.

THE lakes near Marash, in Asia Minor, were known to the Crusaders as dragon lakes, and a little river in Syria was also known as the Kersus, from the presence there of large lizards, if not crocodiles, in olden time. It appears from an account of a tour in Formosa, by A. Corner, published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geo. Soc.* (Vol. XXII., No. 1), that there exists a lake in that island which is called a dragon lake, apparently from the presence of numerous seals.

"The lake," says the writer, "is, I judge, about 3 miles long by 1 broad, its longest diameter being north and south; it is wooded to the water's edge on all sides, and has an outlet on the west side, close to the village I stayed at. The region of the lake is inhabited by a harmless tribe of aborigines, called by the Chinese "Tsui-hoans," or water-men. There is a respectable Chinese house in the place, where I put up, and was very comfortable. I went for a stroll round the banks of the lake and made some sketches; the stillness of the scene was charming, and the seals

were swimming about in all directions. I make the height of the lake 2366 feet above the sea-level, and it is a place anyone—be he sportsman, artist, naturalist, or geographer—might spend a month at."

The same writer describes a mode of distilling rice spirit (raki or arraki) adopted by the Formoseans, which should be a caution to travellers:

"The people were engaged in making 'Chiu,' or distilled rice spirit, and I had an opportunity of seeing something of the process. The still is composed of a cast-iron hemispherical pan of Chinese manufacture, in common use all over the empire for cooking; this is set over a clay-built furnace, and a tub inverted over it, having a wooden diaphragm with a central aperture, and an inverted cast-iron pan fastened in the interior. The whole is luted together when the still is charged, and as the steam from the mash rises through the hole in the diaphragm to the dome of the upper pan, it is condensed there by water applied above, and the condensed liquid runs down on to the diaphragm, which is placed slightly obliquely in the tub, and passes out through a small bamboo inserted in a hole in one of the staves. The mash is made of boiled and fermented rice, and it is said that the fermentation is assisted by the admixture of rice previously masticated by the old women, and that young women employed in this operation do not answer so well. There is, I believe, in human saliva some principle which promotes decomposition or fermentation, and it is quite probable the Chinese availed themselves of this nasty discovery to facilitate the process of wine-making. The liquor is of a high pinkish colour, with a hot alcoholic taste, and about as strong as bad sherry."